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# Fifteenth Anniversary Number The Critic

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#### A Glance Backward

It is becoming, as *The Critic* enters another lustrum of its career, that an attempt should be made to give a general view of the changes which have come over the literary world since, fifteen years ago, that career began, and of the outlook for the years into which we are about to pass. Yet such an attempt must be far from completely successful, owing to the narrow limits available for the execution of the task.

Five years ago, The Critic presented a somewhat detailed account of the products of purely American writers during its first decade. The separation is perhaps arbitrary, since, as time goes on, the whole English-speaking world is becoming more and more one vast commonwealth, as far as letters are concerned. This general tendency, strengthened by simultaneous publication on both sides of the Atlantic for copyright purposes, may be measured by the results of a detailed estimate recently given of the sales of new books in all the principal cities of the United States. Out of fifty authors who are represented in the list, twenty eight come to us from across the sea; and the proportion is even more significant when we regard the fact that of the American writers in question, only half a dozen have more than a local or limited vogue. Nor does the rule work only one way. The scornful query, "Who reads an American book?" is out of date, and our own writers enjoy an increasing popularity in England.

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We may, then, in the interest of our readers, neglect geographical boundaries, and, using the word in its linguistic connotation, speak of English literature as one great whole. The same statistical method will justify us in giving the largest share of our attention to works of fiction, since the authority quoted above shows that five-sixths of the most popular new books, and a far greater proportion in the number of copies sold, belong to that class. It cannot be questioned that among the marked characteristics of our period must be reckoned an increasing tendency to treat all manner of subjects in the form of the novel. Religion, sociology, politics, all come to us now (in Lincoln's graphic phrase) as "sugarcoated pills," and theses which would win but scanty attention in dialectic form, find thousands of adherents when presented through the fair lips or by the moving adventures of a fascinating heroine. Poetic feeling, too, though the number of volumes of verse is nowise diminished, finds a wider expression than that which is confined by the rules of metre.

When we look back for a moment to review the gains and losses of these fifteen years, we are struck first by the number and weight of the names they have added to that part of the roll-call of the army of letters to which the answer comes to-day, "Dead on the field of honor." Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, those venerable giants who linked us with the past, have all gone to their rest, and their names will soon be but an inspiring tradition to the younger generation which is growing up with its new ideals and its new aims. To pass from this inseparable group, the genial Curtis no longer sits in his Easy Chair; the prophetic voice of Whitman is hushed and silent. Tennyson and Browning have ceased to sing, and no one has filled their seats among the Immortals. Darwin, Tyndall and Huxley are lost from among the makers of history in the domain of science. Freeman and Froude (what a sweep of antithesis in the conjunction!) have left the telling of bygone days;

Carlyle is gone among the Heroes; Anthony Trollope gives us no more chronicles; and the loss which saddened many a Christmas a year ago is still fresh—we have not yet

learned to do without the gracious teller of tales, Robert

Louis Stevenson. As we contemplate each of these gaps,

we ask ourselves where is the alter aureus to fill it; and no very confident answer is as yet heard.

The crown of the English Laureate, so long laid by, was the symbol of our waiting, till the younger men who were pressing into the breach should have won their spurs by approved services. There is no lack of them, these brave juniors (not all of them young, except to fame), and in their number and their enthusiasm is good augury for the future. Among the aspirants for Tennyson's vacant title, since two of the older men who were easily first in poetic merit seemed to be impossible for political reasons, at least one name of the new generation, that of William Watson, came well to the front. The somewhat barren honor has been bestowed, however, upon a candidate who, while he may not maintain the better traditions of the office, will not discredit it by uttering anything base. (See page 44.)

discredit it by uttering anything base. (See page 44.)

In the vast, all-embracing domain of prose fiction we have our Kipling, our Barrie and our Crockett, our Anthony Hope and our Ian Maclaren (so we knew them first), our Weyman, our Hall Caine, and our Doyle. Mrs. Humphry Ward comes near in some minds to the departed glory of George Eliot. And du Maurier, whom the infant Critic knew not as an author, has captivated the masses till the reverberation of their plaudits has become even a weariness to some of his earliest admirers. Nor is it altogether absurd to count George Meredith among the new authors; well nigh the dean among his fellows by length of service at the novelist's craft, he has waited long for recognition, and his name, crowned as it was last summer by touching and deserved honor from his brother-workmen, in that memorable scene at Burford Bridge, has come to numbers of people during this period as that of a fresh acquaintance.

But these are not all. By the side of Meredith and Hardy for England still stand Besant and Blackmore, Mallock, Payn, Mrs. Oliphant, Black and Murray, even if some of them have, during these years, scarcely graven their names more deeply in enduring fame. With Howells and Crawford and Henry James for America come the fair presences of Mary Wilkins and Margaret Deland; Mark Twain and Bret Harte still sustain an international reputation. Stedman, Stoddard, Aldrich and Edith Thomas are still singing; James Whitcomb Riley has much of the true poet's spirlt; and a tuneful lyre fell but the other day from the hands of Eugene Field. If the enthusiastic Anglican could sing that "Saint Cuthbert and Saint Edward might alone redeem a land," we may say as much of the masters who are still with us, and, while we have them, feel-that we do not depend altogether upon the newcomers for our glory in the most extensive branch of the writer's art. In the department of literary criticism, in the just knowledge and intimate friendship of books, while we still listen with pleasure to such accom-plished professors as Saintsbury, Stedman, Stoddard, Lang, Gosse and Higginson, their successors are training in the same school; and, whether they treat of books, or of life from the standpoint of the "bookman," Zangwill, Birrell, Woodberry, Le Gallienne, Mabie, Sharp and not a few more of the young men give us the hope that the traditions of Lamb and Hazlitt will not be lost. When we have named among recent emergences John Davidson, Gilbert Parker, Kenneth Grahame, Arthur Morrison—when we have given Richard Harding Davis the credit that is his due,—when we have wound up our catalogue with the most liberal "et al.," what are we to say of the double phenomenon, the number and the popularity of the novices in the great Order? Are we to hail another "Renascence," as it is the fashion to write it nowadays? or what is it that puts a man who shall have spent six months away from civilization so hopelessly behind the times when he returns?

The more obvious answer to these questions is probably to be found in the social and commercial conditions of the time. We use the word "commercial" advisedly. In our review of five years ago it was noted that literature had already become more of a business and less of an art. We have more invalids in these days than a century ago, and the cause is very likely to be not so much a general decline in health as the improved therapeutic methods which keep alive many people who without them would have been long dead. Just so the increased facilities for communication, the wide diffusion of a certain kind of education, and the enormous multiplication of Sunday newspapers (supplied now by syndicates) and other cheap periodicals, have created a demand for reading-matter which enables many a writer to subsist who in days gone by would have sighed in vain to see himself in print. And this accounts, not only for the "infinite experimentation with a high level of general excellence," which was noticed in our last survey, but for a crowd of men and women who produce what cannot be better described than by an objectionable newspaper phrase as "alleged" literature—the Laura Jean Libbeys and Albert Rosses who are never mentioned by serious critics except to point a moral or adorn a tale, and who yet number their readers by the thousand, nay, for aught we know, by the hundred thousand. So much for the commercial side of the question. The other cause which we are seeking may be found in the fact that this is an age of "movements," and in the history of the particular movements affecting the limited period under consideration. The bark of literature, in its voyage upon the far from bound-less stream of the human mind, seldom has the wind directly astern; hence the frequent tacks which an observer on the bank (were there room for him in the metaphor) would no-tice. We may name two of these as coming within our present range, and note, moreover, how certain of the crew, in despair of convincing the rest, have jumped overboard and gallantly undertaken to swim in the direction which approves itself to them.

Dropping our imagery, we may observe at the beginning of our period a strong penchant for realism—not perhaps then carried to its logical extreme, but basing its claim to the adhesion of the many on minute analysis, on photographic exactness, on materialistic dissection of victims as normally human as might be. This was a strong position, strongly taken; and those who, among the writers of to-day, abide in it are as certain as ever that it is the only right one. But its prolonged or exclusive sway over the reading public was all along impossible. The ordinary person sees enough for himself of everyday life, in all its sordid, unkindly details. When he takes up a novel, he wishes to find his feet set upon some pavement pleasanter to tread than even the most faithful reproduction of an exceedingly muddy street.] On a certain occasion, a privileged friend of Turner's was admitted to view a canvas just completed, on which the sun was setting amid more than usually brilliant splashes of red and yellow. Slowly and sorrowfully he shook his head. "Now, really, you know, Turner," he said, "no one ever saw a sunset like that." "Very likely not," cheerfully returned the painter, "but don't you think everybody would like to see one?" This little tale contains the principle upon which, in the long run, more or less idealized fiction will be read when some of our realists of to-day are known only to collectors.

There is another point of view too seldom noticed by those who have taken part in the never-ending controversy between Real and Ideal. It is that hinted at above, in the phrase "materialistic dissection." Realism in literature is not an isolated fact; it followed naturally upon the spread of other sorts of realism. The materialism of science permeated the world, and filtered through into literature. Our realists, or at any rate the more consistent of them, consider man (their "noblest study") entirely in his relation to nat-

ural phenomena, whether of the mind or of the external world, and this attitude again is fatal to their exclusive dominion. In spite of scientific demonstration, the great bulk of mankind obstinately persists in believing in what is commonly called the soul, and cannot reconcile itself to the view that (as Mallock puts it) "in their last analysis, a pig and a martyr, a prayer and a beefsteak, are just the same." From these two objections, we conceive, quite apart from the individual skill or workmanship of the respective authors, have sprung the two branches of the reaction which the last few years have seen. From the first has come at least a part of the success which the romantic tales of Stevenson, Weyman and Hope have had; from the second, the thrilling interest which has accompanied the reading of "A Window in Thrums," "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush" and kindred tales, dealing as they do with a phase of life in which the spiritual and the unseen are very potent factors, and touching springs which are unknown to the materialist school.

One fact in regard to the reaction we have noticed is worthy of further inquiry, though perhaps no very convinced answer can be given. Of late years, the supply to meet the demand which we have observed to exist has come almost entirely from the English writers. Are we to imagine that our authors are incapable to such a degree of competing in this style, or must we look for some dominant influence that has restrained their powers? If the latter case be true, one controlling force offers itself for examination which is practically inoperative in England. There, the novel generally makes its appearance in book-form; in America, reputations are made, and the new writer finds his public, through the mag-azines. That the standpoints of the publisher and of the magazine editor differ considerably was abundantly demonstrated the other day by the issue, in a complete and unexpurgated edition, of a novel by a famous hand which the same house had judged to stand in need of no slight excisions before it could appear as a serial. The cause of the divergence in the particular instance is indifferent; the point is that it exists.

A theory might be proposed, which it would be hard to disprove from apparent facts, that the magazine editors, who form such a powerful board of censors in this country, have set their faces against any but realistic treatment of a certain type in the productions which they encourage. Just as conversation in polite society is limited generally to pleasantly phrased platitudes, all subjects of vital or moving import being shunned by a tacit consent, so is American fiction for the most part merely the chronicle of the commonplace, enlivened sometimes by the quaint phraseology of dialect.

We must not seem to attribute too much of weight to the limitation under review. The still-delayed unity of national character in our vast country will, no doubt, when it comes, produce commensurate results in our national literature; but meanwhile work of no small importance is being done in the preservation of an accurate and vivid picture of provincial characteristics which will some day disappear. The New England type, the Southern type in its different variations, have long had their diligent students and their carefully drawn reproductions; and since our review of five years ago, a distinctively Western school has placed itself by their side, of represented perhaps most creditably by Henry B. Fuller, who has also given us some noteworthy bits of work in a genre whose dainty grace and exquisite refinement of phrase are quite foreign to the daily life of the growing Chicago. But, to come back to the point we were suggesting, it is difficult to imagine many of the stories which are published in England finding a market in the first instance with our editors, if presented as the product of "native talent." Realizing that they are called upon by their readers to provide something of the kind, they prefer to take that which has stood the test of publication and popularity abroad. At least, it can hardly be disputed that American writers are dominated to a very large extent by the power whose actions we are

venturing to consider; and it would be worth while to prosecute, in the fitting time and place, the inquiry as to the results of this control upon the nascent tendencies of our literature in the persons of its younger representatives.

Leaving this speculative digression, we turn to the other notable tendency which we marked above for mention. The non-critical world knows little difference between the new names which it hears-Symbolist, Impressionist, Decadent, -but we must take leave to draw a distinction purposely broad. Before we do so, let us pause a moment to realize how much has lately come into the literature of the English tongue from alien sources, and not only that which makes for the tendencies we are about to consider. In 1881, Ibsen was virtually unknown here and in England, and even Tolstoï was not commonly to be met with. Since those days, few books have been more widely read than Marie Bashkirtseff's Journal, which struck a note somewhat foreign to the Anglo-Saxon temper. In the last few years, not only have the French short-story writers, Maupassant and the like, contributed their share to the moulding of our younger men, but Verlaine and Maeterlinck and Mallarméhave found enthusiastic disciples among many who have never frequented the cercles in the Rue de Kome and the Boulevard Saint-Michel. And now we come to our division.

Let us dispose more briefly of what, in the effect of all this, seems to be a passing phase, with some merely a pose of which sooner or later they will tire. They may seem to be wedded to Decay, but we are permitted to hope that this is nothing more than an union libre which can be dissolved at will. The characteristics of a Decadent movement, wherever and whenever it appears, are always the same, as an acute critic, and one in sympathy with this phase, sums them up:—"an intense self-consciousness, a restless curiosity in research, an over-subtilizing refinement upon refinement, a spiritual and moral perversity." We leave this "new and beautiful and interesting disease" without dwelling in more detail upon it, because it impresses us as essentially evanescent. Meantime, we read our Yellow Book with the interest of nervous specialists in the collation of any symptoms, however transitory.

But it would be a mistake to imagine that nothing permanent is to come out of this keen, painful struggle for insight into the mysteries of life. Under the name of Symbolism, we may look for a moment at that which promises results of enduring value. By the side of the incessant strife between Realist and Idealist stand some who hope to reconcile the two apparently exclusive contradictories; and it will be a substantial gain for the future if more of our writers can succeed in combining the subjective with the objective—in meeting both sides of our dual nature,—not only in giving us accurate pictures of the world upon which their eyes look out, but in discerning and making evident to others what Sainte-Beuve (writing of Goncourt) calls "the soul of the landscape." Walter Pater and John Addington Symonds are gone from us, all too soon, but we shall look with interest to see how far their inheritance is gathered up by those among writers of English whom they have left behind.

There are other idiosyncrasies (hardly to be dignified with the name of tendencies) displayed by certain small classes of writers during our period, which may be dismissed with a passing mention. The exploits of the neurotic and erotic novelists—not to mention the unkind third category given by a wit the other day—have distinguished the last few years. The controversy on the results of the established matrimonial system overflowed the broad columns of The Daily Telegraph and produced some singular effects. Every one has heard so much of the Woman who Did or Did Not (as the case might be), that we shall be pardoned for passing quickly through the hothouse in which strange flowers—yellow asters, green carnations, and such like—grow in such bewildering profusion.

It has been a pleasant task to look back, even in this

brief and hasty manner, over the progress of the last few years—pleasant, because we have been concerned with the builders of beautiful structures, with the thinkers of worthy thoughts; but if we should go on to widen the meaning of the word which has been used so often in the foregoing pages into Verlaine's contemptuous and unlimited sense—"Et tout le reste est littérature,"—we might see less reason for gratulation. Progress among the writers, certainly, there has been; but with the readers in their new vast numbers, with the great bulk of our population, which tosses its pet book of the hour—its "Ben Hur," its "Looking Backward," its "Trilby"—from one to another, unthinking, uncomprehending (even if it does not fall into the gulfs beneath at which we hinted), what is to be done? What can be said of its progress? This, however, is too large a question for "a little corner of a little essay," and we can but shake our heads doubtfully and cling to hope.

FRANCIS EDMUND LESTER.

# "A History of English Poetry" By W. J. Courthope. Vol. I. Macmillan & Co.

THIS NEW HISTORY of English poetry is the work of an accomplished scholar, who since its publication has been elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford. To "profess" poetry it is not necessary, fortunately, to write it: all the delicacies, all the details, all the antiquarian lore of the matter may be composed by a master of prose, a student of literature in the broader sense, a scholar imbued with a literary sense, historical knowledge, feeling for perspective and proportion, the gracious assiduities of a refined and liberal culture. All these Mr. Courthope seems to possess in an eminent degree. His large octavo bristles with foot-notes quoting the newer French and German learning on the inexhaustible topic of mediævalism and mediæval metrical compositions; he traces the continuity of flow of English poetry with scholarly care from Anglo-Saxon times to Surrey and Wyatt (the terminal point of this Vol. I.); he accurately notes periods, moods, temperaments, original and imitative work, quotes illustrative passages and paraphrases, defines schools and characteristics, and keeps a keen eye on synchronous developments in continental Europe at the same time that he is describing parallel phenomena in England.

While his work cannot be called exactly interesting, like Taine's or Brooke's partly similar works on English literature, lacking the brilliant rhetoric and figured language of both Frenchman and Englishman, it is a safe, thorough and comprehensive guide through the mazes of its subject, old-fashioned here and there on its Anglo-Saxon side (which contains a literature in itself), but generally abreast of the times in its results and investigations. It is infinitely to be deplored that Pope and Gray never carried out their contemplated histories of English poetry-Gray so full of technical and literary and linguistic knowledge, and each such a pastmaster in the art itself. But these great artists merely sketched out their plan on a few sheets of paper and left it to Warton to finish, in his rather wooden dissertation with its conspicuous defects. Mr. Courthope has endeavored to supply the want, taking the particularizing subject of poetry alone, and clinging tenaciously to that. Ten Brink, Morley, Ticknor, Sismondi, have in their various kindred undertakings included more and accomplished less. English poetry is in itself an enormous subject, most complex in its ramifi-cations, though most simple in its start. Mr. Courthope's twelve carefully analyzed chapters treat it in all its branches, in connection with feudal institutions, the intrusion of Anglo-Norman, Latin, Italian mythologic elements, the union of English and French imaginations in the works of the trouvères of mixed nationality, the use of drama and allegory and moralityplay, and the various transformations through which the half-civilized Anglo-Saxon scop became the gay minstrel, the charming ballad-singer, the accomplished metrical artist, the storyteller, like Chaucer, of world-wide glory and beauty.

#### "The Red Cockade"

By Stanley J. Weyman, Harper & Bros.

HAVING by no means exhausted the picturesque opportunities of the earlier period which he has made so much his own, Mr. Weyman leaves it now for the sake of variety. He passes over the great reign of Louis XIV., possibly because so much of it is covered in a manner beyond the reach of rivalry by the "Vicomte de Bragelonne," the book of which Stevenson gossiped so deliciously and which he loved so well. And so, neglecting the days devoid of dramatic interest between the establishment of the royal supremacy and its overthrow, he comes to the outbreak of the Revolution.

This epoch, with the swiftness of its tragedy, with its amazing fecundity of moving incident, has attracted many storytellers, and here Mr. Weyman might have had to brave comparisons. But, besides that no one in English has so taken possession of the field as did Dumas in the earlier period we have named, our author has chosen a part of the history comparatively untouched by the romancers who went before. Paris, as a rule, has held them; or, if not Paris, then the heroic, unflinching loyalty of the brave hearts of La Vendée. Mr. Weyman's action is far away in the south. It begins at Cahors, now the capital of the Department of the Lot, but then the chief place of the province of Quercy, and the birthplace of Clément Marot; it ends at Nîmes. His hero, the Vicomte de Saux, near Cahors, bears a name which suggests a slight deficiency of inventive faculty, that of du Pont; in view of the prominence at the same period of two other du Ponts, de Nemours and de l'Eure (of whom the former is known also as an American citizen), it would have seemed natural to select a patronymic less in demand. But this is a trivial matter; there is a defect in the character of the Vicomte de Saux, whatever his name might have been, which is a more serious thing for a hero of romance. Did Mr. Weyman claim to be a realist, he might plead that many men in real life are vacillating and uncertain of their course; but we find it hard to get up the proper enthusiasm for our Vicomte under his romantic aspect, when we see him arrayed during the brief progress of the action in three different colors-not only in the red cockade of the "Church and King" men of the south, but in the white and the tricolor by It may be said that he is consistent as a pig on the road is consistent, for he has a strong propensity to take the side opposite to that on which people strive to array him.

In the opening chapters, he stands alone among his peers in refusing to support his order, a sort of shamefaced Athanasius contra mundum; but let the mob approach him with pikes and torches, or with the still more galling offer of a place of honor in their counsels, and he flashes out his sword and his scorn against them like the most stubborn upholder of the ancien regime. All through the book, however, he is constant to his one lady-love, and, though he must more than once risk his life to save or to win her, her colors at least are never displaced. The latter half of the story takes us into a comparatively unfamiliar scene, that of the rising of the passionate and warm-hearted southerners, in defence of the Church even more than of the monarchy, under the leadership of the bold and untiring Froment-a phase of the history of the time not without its analogies to the English "Pilgrimage of Grace." "Here, where the warm imagination of the Provençals still saw something holy in things once holy, and faction bound men to faith," rather than in Paris, might the convulsion have been arrested if anywhere. But the hope faded, and the King lost his head, and the Vicomte de Saux won his bride at last-and we have our story, strongly and vividly told, holding us closely and keenly alive to its varying fortunes from first to last.

Mr. Woodville's numerous illustrations are generally excellent in conception, though sometimes poorly reproduced; in the three where the hero should be represented in the disguise of a Dominican friar, he has failed to follow the indications of his text.

#### " "The Sorrows of Satan"

By Marie Corelli. J. B. Lippincott Co.

AT LAST the "puir de'il" has found another friend. Miss Marie Corelli presents him in this book under an unfamiliar aspect, as an object of pity, although even here pity scarcely grows akin to love. She has formulated a new theory of his position, which gives her a sufficiently original plot. His doom, spoken by "the Voice Supreme," ends with a condition. "Fall, proud Spirit \* \* \* and return no more till Man himself redeem thee! Each human soul that yields unto thy tempting shall be a new barrier set between thee and heaven; each one that of its own choice doth repel and overcome thee, shall lift thee nearer thy lost home. the world rejects thee, I will again pardon and receive thee, but not till then!" The result, gratifying to people with sympathetic natures, of the "strange experience of one Geoffrey Tempest, millionaire," is that he is deliberately rejected by one soul-and no wonder, after the revelation of himself which for once he has made—thereby winning one hour of happiness in compensation. We are not very fond of these modern variants of the Faust legend, in which Mephistopheles again appears in seductive guise, obligingly granting every desire of his protege; if they are to be done at all, they please us better when limited, as by Mr. S. Levett Yeats the other day, to three short chapters. Miss Corelli has succeeded in spinning hers out to four hundred and seventy pages; but, besides the sorrows of Satan, she has given us (in the immortal phrase of "one Budge," as she would say) "a whole floorful of uvver fings," many of them only remotely connected-in the ordinary view-with diabolic agency.

It is a very difficult and delicate matter to review one of Miss Corelli's books, and more delicate than ever now that she has so fully set forth her views on critics and all their detestable enormities. She has a lurking tenderness for the devil, but for the critics-the kindest thing she can bring herself to do is to smile a superior smile and say, "Poor things! they know no better." In this book she has ingeniously forestalled every possible line of unfavorable criticism, and accounted for it as the product of interested malignity, or as the cry of jealous mediocrity. She tells us (speaking under the thin disguise of "Mavis Clare") that we are wasting our time. "Her public will simply cry 'What a shame!' and clamor for her work more than ever"-which is very likely true. It is, however, a relief to our minds to know that we are not wounding any tender feelings. "Nothing of that kind ever affronts me—I am far too busy to waste any thought on reviews or reviewers." And yet-why, in that case, spend so many pages on the showing up of what she imagines to be their methods? Methinks the lady doth protest too much. No single object of her lofty scorn is treated with such minuteness in this book; it was hardly worth while, from her professed standpoint, to waste so much space on anything so utterly beneath contempt as the critical journals which have had the misfortune to displease her.

But, besides the reviewers, there are many other King Charles's heads which recur with consistent frequency. Of all her personages or personifications, only two come off unscathed. "Ego et rex meus" might be the motto for the favorable side of her classification; Mavis Clare and the Prince of Wales are drawn in glowing colors—the latter with a directness of personal detail which ordinary authors (but then, Miss Corelli is not an ordinary author) would consider decidedly bad taste. "Her public" must not forget that her books are read by the Royal Family. Mr. Swinburne, too, who (always after the reviewers) comes in for the largest share of abuse, is probably not accustomed to furnish forth so many pages of a novel in his own person. Poor Walter Pater is let off easily with a single phrase, "cliquey reputation and public failure." The whole fabric of modern society, the New Woman, the clergy, American heiresses, all come in. Wherever Miss Corelli sees a head, she hits it.

But the whole thing is done with a certain facility and cleverness. The suggestion of mysterious supernatural force is not too obtrusive, and in the Prince's valet Amiel is rather fascinating. Silent and reserved, he attracts our curiosity, and we should give something to read his "Journal Intime." The authoress herself is depicted as a very charming person; perhaps, if we had the honor of her acquainttance, we should not have the heart to say so many unkind things about her book as have occurred to us from an abstract and impersonal point of view.

#### "The Writings of Thomas Paine"

Edited by Moncure D. Conway. Vol. III., 1791-1804. G. P. Putnam's

THE ONLY complete edition of Paine's works is now the richer by another instalment. For the fourth and final volume, Mr. Conway promises what he calls the "religious" writings of his author. The epithet sounds a trifle odd; but, since a recent authority has enumerated eighteen different senses in which the word may be used, Paine may perhaps come under one of them. The chronological order of the general plan is here abandoned to the extent of making this volume wholly political, while the whole collection will be complete with the writings mentioned above, and an appendix containing poems, scientific fragments and several letters of general interest.

The present volume contains many documents of importance for the history of the years it covers, in France, England and America. They are all annotated by Mr. Conway with great care, and with that minute knowledge of his subject which renders him so exceptionally well-qualified for his duties as editor, his part in the matter extending occasionally to considerable length, as in the introduction to the "Memorial to Monroe." The whole history connected with that Memorial, given with great clearness, constitutes for American readers the most interesting feature of the volume, and deserves careful study by those who wish to be acquainted with all sides of the first few years of our national existence. The character of Gouverneur Morris, who was really responsible (in his official capacity as Minister to France) for Paine's long imprisonment in the Luxembourg, suffers considerably by some revelations made from hitherto unpublished documents; but what will be more startling to most people who have been brought up with the ordinary traditional sentiments, is the view given of Washington's career, both as soldier and as President. It is only under the latter title that Washington's actions had any bearing on Paine's case; but Mr. Conway, in thorough sympathy with his author, adduces no inconsiderable evidence for an estimate far less eulogistic than usual of the administration of the Father of his Country. The unfavorable view of Washington's career is given at its strongest in Paine's own letter, written nearly two years after his release. It must be admitted that he had, in the prolonged sufferings of his cheerless prison-cell, some justification for acerbity; but to many readers the language of this long tirade will seem hardly less irreverent than some of his "religious" writings:-

"I know that had it not been for the aid received from France, in men, money, and ships, your cold and unmilitary conduct (as I shall show in the course of this letter) would in all probability have lost America; at least she would not have been the independent nation she now is, . You slept your time away in the field, till the finances of the nation were completely exhausted, and you have but little share in the glory of the final event. It is time, sir, to speak the undisguised language of historical truth. Elevated to the chair of the Presidency, you assumed the merit of everything to yourself, and the natural ingratitude of your constitution began to appear, \* \* \* It has some time been known by those who know Mr. Washington that he has no friendships; that he is incapable of forming any; that he can serve or desert a man, or a cause, with constitutional indifference."

This is only a very small sample of this scathing arraignment, filling forty octavo pages, and covering numerous de-

tails of private character, military ability and honest statesmanship, which (however it may have been colored by personal resentment) was at any rate the work of a man who knew the value of words, and was not afraid to sign his name to what he wrote. His "Plea for the Life of Louis Capet," and his speech in the Convention on 19 Jan. 1793 to the same end—not included in any previous edition of his works,—are also of great interest. In fact, the whole volume is full of matter that will be fascinating to the student of history or of political economy.

"The Spirit of Judaism"

By Josephine Lazarus. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE FIVE ESSAYS of this little book are addressed primarily to the Jews, but indirectly to a much larger circle. They are gentle and tolerant and generous, and yet no one can read them without feeling that the burden of responsi-bility for the estrangement of the two races rests, not upon the Jew, but upon the Christian. Though the author's ap-peal is made to the former, it is the latter whom she believes guilty; it is the Christian watchword, love, which she thinks flagrantly forgotten. The Jews have clung to theirs more closely. For the essential distinction between the two religions is expressed thus :-

"Deep in the heart of Judaism is enshrined a sacred, an immortal word—duty,—which makes of man a moral being, and links him to the moral source of the universe. Deep in the heart of Christianity is enshrined a sacred and immortal word —love, —which makes of man a spiritual being, and links him to the divine source of all life. Humanity needs both these words in order to become the perfect creation it was meant to be. The one gives the conscience, the other the heart of mankind; the one is the masculine, the other the feminine element of the world. Judaism gives the Ten Commandments, and Christianity the Beatitudes; but only the two together carf yield the perfect ideal—the love that is simply the highest duty, and

duty that is lost in love."

It is this ideal that Miss Lazarus wishes to attain. For such a union she works eagerly, fervently, making light of the eternal difficulties. But as one closes the book these obstacles loom up portentously. It is as though the valiant blows had all fallen short of the mark, and the battle must be fought again. Nothing seems to have been accomplished, and we are left, bewildered, at the point from which we started. Miss Lazarus is eloquent, but she is not logical. She can frame a ringing generalization, but she cannot construct an argument. The presentation of her theme is hardly simple enough to be convincing. It is only reflection that assures us of its consistent sincerity. And even then no solution of the problem is suggested, and we are almost left in the dark in regard to the terms of the equation. It is not so much the spirit of Judaism that Miss Lazarus interprets; it is rather the isolation of the race which distresses her, and which she wishes to overcome. "Thrown back constantly upon itself," she writes, "Judaism thus remains to a great extent a separate factor, an isolated and uncombined element in modern culture." And later, to much the same purpose:—"In spite of individual exceptions, of outward affilia-tion, and the identification of external interests and occupation, the Jews as a body have not generally made an integral part of the civilization in which they live. The life flows side by side, but does not mingle at its source; and they are forced to take refuge in their historic past and familiar race-traditions from an alien world which does not wholly accept or understand them, and in which they are not quite at home." These are conditions which should undoubtedly be corrected, but in what manner such a miracle is to be accomplished the author does not explain. She makes, however, a brave appeal to the generosity of the Jews themselves, her advice to the Christians being expressed only by implica-tion. Occasionally this phenomenal self-restraint gives way, and we are startled by a wholesome truth like the reference to "those who bear Christ's name and persecute, and who have built up a civilization so entirely at variance with the principles he taught." "A society built on selfishness," she calls it in another place, "whose very pillars are greed."

Yet practically she hopes for the immersion of her race in such a civilization. The consummation of her desire would mean the extinction of Judaism. The cohesion of the race, which now makes it so interesting and so remarkable, would be utterly lost; and the beginning of "complete understanding and accord" would be for the Jews the beginning of the end. That a few therefore should take the line of argument followed by Miss Lazarus argues a radicalism which defies the traditions of race and creed. But the writer does not carry the argument to its legitimate conclusion. She is too visionary to be exact; her imagination, active as it is, is not broad enough to be scientific. The most definite advice she gives is contained in these sentences:—

"We can never expect this accord if, while apparently freely mixing at the surface, we remain apart at the core, covertly trying to keep our own peculiarities and aloofness. We must cultivate and grow into perfect freedom and fellowship—slowly and laboriously, perhaps, for the task is a difficult one, requiring infinite patience and forbearance, infinite tact and tenderness among ourselves as well as in our dealings with the Christians. Our own people must be gently raised and lifted, helped according to their individual needs, spiritual as well as material, and according to their capacity to receive, not knowing perhaps the goal to which they tend."

It will be easily seen that such veiled advice as this can have little practical value. Though the book does inspire one with an added respect for the race, it does not furnish definite grounds for such admiration. It winds one in a maze of impressive English, by no means as carefully constructed as it should be. Yet, as we have said, the author is eloquent. Hers is "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." But she lacks power to show us the method; she only knows that it exists.

#### "A Hard Woman"

#### By Violet Hunt. D. Appleton & Co.

ONE OF THE most promising of the younger storytellers fully sustains, in her latest piece of work, the enviable reputation she has begun to make for herself. She calls the book "A Story in Scenes," and, in fact, it is almost entirely made up of the kind of up-to-date dialogue in the writing of which she has shown herself such an adept. It is not an easy genre, this converse of the pantomime-play, and success in it is the more commendable. What Miss Hunt has undertaken to do, and what, still better, she does, is to present her personages to us as living and actual, with only the smallest help from descriptive writing-to make them reveal their individual characters by what they say, and to stand for judgment out of their own mouths. She is as sparkling as Mr. Anthony Hope, but she is not content merely to sparkle. The cleverness is not displayed by detached epigram of the kind which can be collected under the title of "Wit and Wisdom of X. Y.," but in the absolutely faithful use of the possibilities of everyday life; and there is an undercurrent of pathos, which attains an uncommon depth and strength. Ferdinand Munday, the artist and (to his sorrow) the Hard Woman's husband, is throughout a touching and dignified figure, and withal a very real one, though it would be hard to name a single one of the characters to which the last epithet could not be given. Nevill France, too, the sweet, lovable girl who serves as a foil to the selfish hardness of the other, grows on us with a singular attractiveness. We are introduced to Lydia Munday before her marriage, that we may get a glimpse of "what a beast she was at home," in her younger sister's candid phrase; and, by the way, one of the pleasantest bits in a book from which we should like to quote at length is the same younger sister's description of the change made by Lydia's removal:-

"You know, Lydia was terribly managing. We couldn't call our souls our own. She was always doing horrid things to us for our good. We hated our good. Shall I tell you what Fred and I did the very next day after she went? We set to work and altered all the furniture in the drawing-room. Lydia was so particular about the way things were. And she said things were fashionable that were only uncomfortable, you know. But the moment she married we left off taking in The Nineteenth Century and stodgy magazines like that, and took in Punch instead, and we put poor Toosie into long frocks—Lydia always kept her young,—and gave the cat leave to sit upstairs, and the dogs, poor things! And I've got a room to myself, and my own letters without having to fight for them, and my own way."

But we must go on with Lydia herself. Light after light is thrown upon her thoroughly detestable character; from scene to scene its development is marked—the gradual deterioration through consistent selfishness into deceit and meanness-with the vividness of one of Hogarth's Progresses, until we know her as well as if we had had the misfortune to be among her intimate friends. Miss Hunt has done a particularly clever thing; or rather two, for we may mention in passing that she contrives to introduce the "heroine overtaken by the tide " incident without being hackneyed; but the other is more essential and noteworthy. She gives us every reason to hate and despise the unpleasant central figure, and then, by a sheer tour de force, we are spun round at the climax and made (though we could hardly have believed it) positively sorry for her, when we see the pass to which her own selfishness and deceit have brought her. There the book wisely leaves her, before we have had time to repent of our emotion. The combination of engrossing interest in the action and consistent excellence in the dialogue which sets it forth is not so common, but that we may decidedly congratulate Miss Hunt on her latest production, and hope for more.

#### Tales of London Town

t. The Three Impostors, By Arthur Machen. Roberts Bros. 2. London Idylls, By W. J. Dawson. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 3. The Years that the Locust Hath Eaten, By Annie E. Holdsworth, Macmillan

WE HAVE PLACED these books in one category, not so much because they are all powerful and good, as that they are all informed with the same spirit in diverse manifestations. In all of them is that mysterious thrill which the throbbing of the great world-heart in London sends through those who can perceive it—who have, like Lieutenant Brackenbury Rich, felt that they could walk forever in that stimulating city atmosphere, surrounded by the mystery of 4,000,000 private lives. "They talk of war," said the young officer, "but this is the great battle-field of mankind." "This monstrous realm of smoke" (as Mr. Dawson quotes at the outset),

"This congregated, hungry, hurrying life, This streaming roar of avaricious tides Beating their human foam on iron shores,"

has cast its spell upon our three authors, and given them a certain kinship. Mr. Machen (1) deals with his subject in the lighter vein; if we are to give an idea of his treatment, there is a formula which comes curiously near to expressing it. It is not always a sincere form of flattery to set a man down for an imitator; but when the thing imitated and the copy are alike excellent, there is no small credit in the result. We had read but a little way in "The Three Impostors," when the illusion began to grow upon us that we were reading a posthumous work of Mr. Stevenson's, akin to that which we quoted above, and that "More New Arabian Nights" were before us. Mr. Machen has caught the trick of style to a wonderful extent, and page after page might be read in a pleasing uncertainty as to whether it was the work of the older or the younger author. He has even reproduced the inequalities of his model: the "Novel of the Dark Valley," for instance, has something of that unreality which renders the earlier writer's "Story of the Destroying Angel" less fascinating than the rest; and in one part, the "Novel of the White Powder," Mr. Machen makes an excursion into slightly alien regions and varies the theme of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." But in far the larger part of his book, where he stays within the limits at once of London and of the natural order, he displays all the engaging qualities of lively,

whimsical imagination and of quaint freshness of phrase which used to please us so much 4s we listened to a voice that is still. His book is delightful reading, and le ves no regrets behind it.

The other two are of an altogether different class, except for the common note which we began by observing. They both deal with tragedies, not so much of "battle, murder and sudden death," as with those far more awful miseries which are not over in a moment, but must be lived through, day by day and year by year. Mr. Dawson's book (2) is marked by its variety of incident and character (ranging from the fashionable clergyman to the little street wasf), and by a distinct advance on his previous work, which will make us look with interest to his future performance. Ten short stories compose the volume, and all but two are intensely sad and pathetic—not at all, by the way, what we have a right to expect from a strict application of the title of "Idylls." We wish we had space to give an outline of their action, but it would be difficult to make a choice among them. Perhaps the one where the tension is strongest, and where the tears (even a man's tears) lie nearest, is "The Transformation of John Loxley," in which the glory that has gilded the life of a plain City clerk goes out in the death of his wife, the whole thing told in such a way that one must be hardened, indeed, to read it unmoved. The last tale, "Sister Lydia," is one which may leave practical results behind it, with its sharp contrast between the Socialist talker of a husband, who is really self-centred to the last degree, and the wife, who, coming to be his helpmeet in the realization of their dreams of the saving of the poor, finds herself left to struggle alone for the helpless creatures whom she has learnt to love.

Mrs. Holdsworth comes with only one story to tell (3), but this, also, is full of the deepest pathos. It opens with the same leading characters as "Sister Lydia," and depicts the daily sacrifice of a young wife to a selfish, blatant humbug whom she has idealized and married. The scene is, like the other, laid in what we should call here a tenement-house, inhabited not only by this couple, but (besides its ordinary denizens) by an artist, a young singer and a delicious elderly spinster with a big heart, the former governess of the heroine Priscilla. We watch the slow torture with increasing sympathy and indignation, and can scarcely find it in our hearts to blame Malden, the artist, when his self-repression gives way at last and he pleads with Priscilla (after her little baby dies) to let him rescue her from it all. When she has put the chance away from her, and her husband has shown himself utterly incapable of rewarding her with the slightest appreciation, we are relieved that death comes so soon to set her free from the intolerable bondage. Her life bears fruit when she can no longer know it, in the devo-tion to the cause of her "poor people" of two of those who had loved her, and the awakening of her husband at last to the realization of the claims of others besides himself. The character-drawing is excellent, and the whole thing is well and strongly done; we should not recommend it, or the last story in the foregoing book, to those who wish to be let alone in the conviction that their only duty is to themselves, for we fancy that this comfortable belief would be in no small danger of finding itself shaken. If the lesson is taught in London, there is plenty of room for its practice in New York and our other large cities.

#### "Amos Judd"

#### By J. A. Mitchell. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"A FALLEN IDOL" came out of the East; so did "The Tinted Venus," and likewise the stone that wrought Mr. Bultitude's misfortune and final redemption. The announcement, therefore, that the hero of this story by the editor of Life also had come out of the Orient seemed uncommonly appropriate. where the English humorist amused with the most delightful nonsense, the American has written a most ingenious, serious tale of a Connecticut farmer, who was an Indian Maharaja, and of the gift that had come down to him from Vishnû. There is nothing supernatural about this story, except that gift: Amos Judd was brought bodily from India to Connecticut as a child, after the English had annexed his realm; his beauty was that of the Indian Aryan, dark and proud, and he was marvellously rich, simply because his faithful courtiers had found time to gather his riches and bring them with him across the sea. Amos waxed strong and went to college, where he proved irresistibly attractive to the young ladies; he committed rather justifiable homiride in an attack of wantonly provoked anger; and at last he fell in love with the girl whom he had never seen in the body, though he knew her face and the diamond crescent in her hair.

We do not feel at liberty to divulge the secret of the gift; and the reader who peruses the book will thank us for our reticence.

For this is an excellent story, well told and with a plot that deserved the care bestowed upon its elaboration. As a rest from the fatiguing mental gymnastics among the problems and hidden meanings of our super-serious modern fiction, this simple tale acquires almost the rank of a benefaction. It is just the book to take home on a cold evening, to read before the fire—a book that fulfills the simplest, yet often the best function of light literature—that of amusing.

#### "The Tragedy of Fotheringay"

By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. Macmillan & Co.

IT SEEMS SCARCELY possible that even such wide interest as is still shown in the fate of Mary Stuart should have called out so handsome a book. Here, indeed, are heavy paper, large type and wide margins to satisfy the most fastidious. And withal, it is not an attempt to portray Mary's whole life, nor her place in history, nor even a Froude-like essay on the details and meaning of her execution. It is rather a narrative, in nearly 300 pages, of details concerning the last few months of her life, and of many others concerning her execution and burial. The principal sources are the journal of Bourgoing, Mary's last physician, and the letters of her keeper, Sir Amyas Paulet, supplemented by many unpublished manuscript documents hitherto unused. seems to have been taken to present the part played by the Government, especially such features as would make it out a huge From cover to cover the author manifests the heartiest sympathy with the unfortunate Queen, and in a style eminently simple and sincere records her admiration and defense of Mary's motions and actions.

There is nowhere any aim to be sensational; but the loyalty of the servants and attendants, the wavering attitude of Elizabeth, the indignities with which Mary was continually treated, and, through all, her steadfast faith and worship, furnish frequent occasion for an affecting story. The trial is held to have been conducted on false charges, her nineteen years' imprisonment and final execution to have been grossly unjust, and the real reason of her murder the fact that she was a Roman Catholic. Mrs. Scott has written from the points of view of Mary as an individual, as a Stuart and as a Catholic; nor can there be any denying that the Queen was strong in all those directions. The meaning of her death to Elizabeth and the English Government does not enter a as factor in this narrative; and the book must be considered as in the main a defense, and only incidentally and in part as a history.

The illustrations will possibly be found of some interest. The frontispiece is taken from what is known as the Blairs portrait; though not an original, it has a good pedigree. Three other illustrations are published for the first time. One of them is the picture of a reliquary containing a portrait of the Queen, of date not later than 1622; and the others are contemporary drawings of the trial and execution, taken from the Calthorpe MSS.

#### "The Marvellous Adventures"

Of Sir John Maundeville, Kt. Edited and illust, by Arthur Layard. With a preface by J. Cameron Grant. Macmillan & Co.

THE GREAT Sir John Maundeville, pilgrim, knight, discoverer and prince of liars, who has even been suspected of lying himself into existence, has found a clever illustrator in Mr. Layard and a doughty champion in Mr. Grant, who prefaces the old Knight's narrative with a vigorous onslaught on other editors and critics. Mr. Layard's work will perhaps be the more gratefully received by an obstinate public ignorant of and curious about fourteenth-century dress and customs, philosophers of Mount Athos. the great dragon of Cos, who is the daughter of Ypocras, of whom also a certain poet named Keats has written, the shrine of St. Catherine, the roses that grew from burning brands, and the black monks of the Church of Our Lady, where springs the river of Paradise. Mr. Layard knows how to make his Saracens "full wicked" and turbaned marvellously. His black angels announce the Day of Doom; his Georgians, out of Georgia, worshippers of St. George, smile at each other's shaven crowns, the laymen's square, the clerks' round; and the dreadful enchanter, Taknia, and the good hermit for whom Mohammed sorrowed, and King Job of Idunea take shape at the point of his pen.

He also shows us the absolute image and likeness of the great idol of Mabaron, and the women who shaved their beards, and the wise old astronomers who measured the earth, and is especially happy in his delineations of the flat-faced folk, the one-eyed folk,

the doz-headed folk who had a calf for king, the big-lipped folk, the great-eared folk, the Khan of Cathay and the King of Thurse. He brings light into the marvellous dark country called Hanyson, and has shot the dragons of Bacharia on the wing. Prester John and the Queen of the Amazons have sat to him, and he pictures more popinjays, horned men and angels than enough, with a great red dragon over and above, smiling at a fair damsel on the cover.

#### "The History of Florence"

During the First Two Centuries. By Pasquale Villari, Translated by Linda Villari. 2 vols. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THIS VALUABLE WORK is the outcome of a course of lectures delivered at Florence and afterwards expanded into articles; it has more the character of a series of papers on various phases of a central theme than of a single connected narrative. While written from the scientific point of view, with frequent reference to original authorities, it is popular in style and has the merit of being interesting. The author has given especial attention to the development of the Florentine constitution from the beginning, with a view to casting light upon the vexed question of the origin of the Italian communes. A general introduction on the sources and characteristics of early Florentine history is followed by two chapters treating of the origin of Florence and of the Florentine commune; the course of events presents too many complications to admit of a satisfactory examination of them, or of Prof. Villari's views concerning them, in a brief space. The third chapter describes the first wars and first reforms of the Commune; the fifth follows the fortunes of the city as the dominant power in Tuscany; and the fourth and sixth chapters are largely devoted to an account of the greater guilds of Florence, with their extensive interests and influence. The seventh chapter, which opens the second volume, contains an extended and specially important discussion of the family and the state in Italian communes; of more general interest are the last two chapters, which deal directly with the Florence of Dante's time.

The work is a contribution, not merely to Florentine, but also to mediæval and early modern history: the student of the political institutions of modern Europe will find in it much that casts light upon controverted questions. The translation shows only occasional traces of foreign idiom. Both volumes are illustrated with a series of views of the more important Florentine monuments, from the Roman period to modern times.

#### "Recollections of Abraham Lincoln"

1847-1865. By Ward Hill Lamon. Edited by Dorothy Lamon. A. C. McClurg & Co.

THE LINCOLN LITERATURE shows no sign of lessening in bulk. This latest contribution is in a sense a real biography of Mr. Lincoln, notwithstanding the suggestions of a brilliant patchwork quilt made by the abundant anecdotes, old and new, it contains. Nearly all of these stories show Lincoln as a true product of the soil of the New World. They take us into an atmosphere that is far different from that of the artificial biography of the critic and book-man. Some points in the mighty personality of Lincoln are brought out with remarkable clearness, as, for instance, in the chapter on "His Love for Children." "Whenever it chanced that he gave offence to a child unwittingly, he never rested until he had won back its favor and affection. He beheld in the face of a little child a record of innocence and love, of truth and trust, and in the society of children he was always happy. The reading of this book curiously conjures up memories of the days when these anecdotes, here told largely at first hand, began to circulate among the people who wondered into what kind of a man this "dark horse" in the Presidential chair would evolve. One of the best chapters, from the historical standpoint, is that giving the true history of the Gettysburg speech. Miss Lamon acknowledges (it now seems almost incredible) that this masterpiece of English composition seems to have escaped the scrutiny of even the most scholarly critics of that day on this side of the Atlantic. European journals and reviews were the first to discover, or, at least, to proclaim, its classical merits. Mr. Lamon, who died some time ago, was intimately acquainted with Lincoln—a fact to which this work testifies. The little book, which contains portraits and facsimiles of letters, is certainly a genuine addition to our knowledge of one whom the future ages will perhaps write as the greatest character in American his-

#### "Old Fairfield"

An Old New England Town. By Frank Samuel Child. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE PASTOR of the Congregational Church in this fine old Connecticut town is a lover of the place in which he dwells. As all the world loves a lover, those who read this book will find it an attractive one. It has grown out of a course of lectures before local chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution. town itself is a splendid text, for its contributions to the life of the Colony and the Republic have been large and notable. Moreover, the scenery in the vicinity is fascinating, and the characteristics of New England's best life have always belonged to the place. Be-sides the regular edition of the book, there are two editions de luxe. Mr. Child, whose pen has been long in training, writes of Pilgrims and Puritans, of the Indians, the wolves and the train bands-for it was near Fairfield that the Pequots came to their end in 1637. After the red men had been finally "removed," everyday life went on more tranquilly, and so the story is told about domestic affairs, churches and worship. Connecticut, like Massachusetts, had her witches and witchcraft trials, and other things sacred and secular, all of which are touched with dainty . The stories of love, war and captivity, and how "Bloody as our fathers in New York called him (Governor Tryon), who had often been entertained in Fairfield, made several thriving villages suffer under his pestilential touch and torch, are finely told. In a word, the historic memories and inspirations of a fine old community are recalled and enforced in a way that furnishes a model for other lecturers upon like subjects. The illustrations deserve especial notice. Much credit is due to the Ringler Co. for the mastery of light and shade shown in the pictures.

#### Recent Historical Books

A NEW EDITION of Edward S. Gould's abridgment of Alison's. "Europe from the French Revolution to the Fall of Napoleon is among the late books appearing in consequence of the revived interest in that period. It is almost superfluous to say that ten large octavos, containing about 9000 pages, and dealing with but thirty years, however important those years may have been, will scarcely be used very widely by the general reader, or even by a great many colleges and academies. On the basis of such reasoning, these ten volumes have been cut down into one. In this edition there are less than 500 pages, excluding an elaborate list of questions on the different chapters and a table-of-contents that also serves as an index. In many particulars Mr. Gould has made a very satisfactory abridgment. He has kept in view the aim of presenting every material fact given by Mr. Alison, without in any way adding his own opinion, argument or assertion; also, that of leaving out all "repetitions, superfluities, inaccuracies and inele-gancies." The language of the original has not been preserved, and we are thus saved the frequent and irritating faults of its style; in fact, we find in their place so many attractive features, that the reader constantly regrets finding rhetoric of this quality hampered by a wretched typographical dress. The old chapter on British finances appears unchanged, but in the form of an appendix; and that on the American war is wholly omitted, on the ground that it could not be admitted into an American book without alterations contrary to the nature of an abridgment. (A. S. Barnes & Co.)

WHILE SPEAKING of the Napoleonic era, mention should be made of two pamphlets that may possibly be of interest to some s'udents of that period. Ohe is a reprint, from The College Student, Lancaster, Pa., of an article on "The Real Napoleon Bonaparte," by Gen. J. Watts de Peyster, whose extensive studies in this field have already received recognition in high places. It is a scathing criticism in several particulars, but aims especially to show that Napoleon was a great coward. The second of these pamphlets is a list of authorities cited or referred to in three pamphlets on Waterloo by the same author, and derives such value as it possesses from Gen. de. Peyster's observations on these various works. (New York: Charles H. Ludwig.)——"The Revolution of 1848" is the twentieth volume in the series of translations of M. Imbert de Saint-Amand's Famous Women of the French Court. Being an account of the Citizen King's abdication and of his other fortunes that were associated with this famous year, the book follows very well the author's description of the turbulent accession of Louis Philippe in the pages of "The Duchess of Berry and the Revolution of 1830." There is a real pleasure in meeting again the same successful popular historian with whom other volumes of the series have made us acquainted.

Besides, it is telling only a part of M. de Saint-Amand's merits in this direction to say that he writes in a judicial frame of mind; he has the faculty of giving a picture of the times while telling the story of its leading figures, and, moreover, brings his facts together in such a way that the forces behind them are felt. This book is full of interest from beginning to end, and, though it bears no pretense of being a great history, it is such a one as gives a key to the great movement it treats, and at the same time one that, in doing this, brings out vividly the most prominent scenes and persons. The author was evidently thoroughly familiar with the people and their doings, and is therefore the more able to tell a living story. The twentieth volume in this series, like its predecessors, deserves a wide welcome, both as a book of interest and value, and as an excellent translation. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

THE LATEST VOLUME in the English Men of Action is certainly a credit to that series. In it Mr. A. G. Bradley has written a very good biography of "General Wolfe." The limits of such a book are not always called upon to do so little service in the way of excuse as in this instance. The writer has not catalogued long lines of facts and offered them to his readers with a tacit implication of "get out of this what meaning you can"; he, for one, has told with more success the career of a famous leader. The interpretative process is in no way obtrusive; but, on finishing the last page, the reader feels the satisfaction that comes from reading a book in which is brought out the real spirit of its subject, and that, too, in a simple, attractive style. The life of Wolfe offers much encouragement and opportunity to a writer with such faculties. Circumstances gave Wolfe a place by himself in the ranks of great generals; but when one turns from his career as a soldier to his life as a man, he finds there, also, such qualities as mark him for special study and interest. The repeated examples of his sincerity and manly actions attract the student of men, and inspire that sympathetic and understanding spirit we find in Mr. Bradley's narrative. (Macmillan & Co.)

# The Magazines "The American Historical Review"

THE SECOND or third number of a new periodical is often a far more real test of its worth than the first, for which a brilliancy may be secured, which, in its later course, grows small by degrees and beautifully less. We have come, therefore, to the anuary number of this review with a certain curiosity to see how far the promise of its opening is fulfilled. So far as substantive work is concerned, we are inclined to suspend judgment until we see the third issue. Of the six "body-articles," while there is nothing to correspond to Prof. Sloane's able and philosophical confession of faith in the first, one is a continuation of Prof. F. J. Turner's researches as to "Western State-making in the Revolutionary Era"; and Mr. Henry C. Lea gives us another chapter in mediæval church history, dealing this time with the massacres of the Jews which signalized the year 1391 in Spain. It is open to contention that, in a publication which only appears quarterly, a greater variety of interest should be presented than is indicated by the devoting of the two longest articles to subjects treated in the previous number; and that, in a distinctively American review, topics enough might have been found in the unexhausted material of our own country, without having recourse each time to a matter which has only the slightest connection with it. In addition to these articles (well-executed, however, in themselves), we have an interesting account of the internal political history of New York State in the eighteenth century, by Mr. Charles H. Levermore; Mr. H. C. Campbell throws new light very carefully on the explorations of Radisson and Groseilliers, the first white men to reach Lake Superior, and the founders of the Hudson Bay Company; and Mr. Gaillard Hunt deals with a fresh and suggestive subject in "Office-seeking during Washington's Administration," showing that the germs existed so early from which the spoils system afterwards developed.

Under the head of unpublished documents, the most important is the first half of a diary kept by Richard Smith, Delegate from New Jersey to the Continental Congress, in the years 1775-6. Mr. Hubert Hall of the Public Record Office in London sends a letter of Archbishop Moore and Bishop Lowth relating to the establishment of the Bishopric of Nova Scotia, the first colonial bishopric of the Church of England, but displays in his notes upon it a want of familiarity with the local and ecclesiastical situation, which perhaps some of our historians on this side may supply in

the next number. For the matter which fills, as before, the second half of the *Review* we have nothing but praise. The criticisms of books continue to be full, intelligent and readable in a marked degree; and we may call more particular attention than we did three months ago to the classified mention (under "Notes and News") of recent publications in all the European languages, both in book-form and in periodicals, which will be a valuable aid to specialists.

#### " Cosmopolis"

THE FIRST NUMBER of this "international review" (Jan. 1896) surpasses our expectations based upon the announcements printed in advance: Cosmopolis gives certainly in full measure all it promised. The scope of the review includes monthly chronicles of English, French and German politics and French literature; bimonthly summaries of English and German letters; and quarterly reviews of the French, English and German stage. Questions of art and science will be discussed in special articles as occasion may arise; each number will contain a short story by acknowledged English, French and German masters; and novels by prominent novelists will be published serially. No translations will be accepted, but contributors need not necessarily write in their mother-tongue. In this number, for instance, Georg Brandes, the well-known Danish critic, has an essay on "Othello," in French. Italian and Spanish articles of exceptional importance will be published occasionally; and arrangements have been made for a series of papers in which foreign matters will be discussed from the outsider's point of view, an Englishman giving his opinion on a French question, etc. A second series has been planned in which the letters, arts and politics of other nations than the three directly represented will be reviewed by authoritative writers. The plan is certainly comprehensive and alluring, and this number, as said above, proves that Mr. Fernand Ortmans, the editor, is able to carry it out.

The new periodical opens with the first instalment of the late Robert Louis Stevenson's unfinished romance, "Weir of Hermiston," of which, even after these few opening pages, it is safe to repeat all the good things that have been said of its author's other works, and to add more. Henry James begins the tale of "The Figure in the Carpet"; Sir Charles Dilke adds a little learned perplexity to our ignorance of "The Origin of the War of 1870"; and Edmund Gosse tells us that "Mr. Hardy's New Novel" is an "irresistible book," that Sue is a "degenerate," etc. Mr. Lang, on the other hand, who is the English literary chronicler of Cosmopolis, says that "it must suffice to chronicle the appearance" of the work, and that "to review a book when one labors under a total lack of sympathy with the author's philosophy of life, is to spin ropes of sand." Mr. Lang says also:—"I found myself baffled in three efforts to read 'The Amazing Marriage.'" Sensible and courageous Mr. Lang! It is rather strange, by the way, that, while the French and German sections are practically without typographical errors, Mr. Lang's article should be disfigured by such mistakes as Fanny Browne, Marion Crauford and Mme. de Sevigné.

What we like best in the French section of the review is Anatole France's "Le Chanteur de Kymé," which seems to us worthy of Flaubert at his best. Perhaps it is not so much of a compliment to tell M. France that he writes as well as Flaubert; but Émile Faguet, who writes the French literary chronicle, calls him, with Gallic cleverness, "un hagiographe impertinent ou un humoriste paradoxal," and we wish to bear our testimony to his gifts. Édouard Rod—here are Switzerland and Denmark represented in the French section—begins a searching study of "Le Mouvement des Idées en France"; and Francisque Sarcey's study of Alexandre Dumas, Fils, is a masterpiece of discerning appreciation and convincing commonsense. Jules Lemaître's "Le Théâtre à Paris" is most interesti g, but what he tells us here he has told us almost word for word and phrase for phrase in his weekly articles in the Journal des Débats. To be true, not many of us read the latter paper, but M. Lemaître might at least have changed his phraseology a little more.

Ernst von Wildenbruch's "Das Orakel: Eine Erinnerung," which opens the German part, is a touching study of the mute sufferings of child life; the other contributors are Theodor Mommsen, Friedrich Spielhagen and Herman Helferich, whose article, "Zur Centenarfeier der Lithographie: die Kunst Raffets" is most timely. For Anton Bettelheim's chronicle of German literature, and Otto Neumann-Hofer's dramatic review, we can only find words of praise. They give not merely reviews of books and plays: it is the spirit, the tendency of German letters

and drama that they bring out and discuss with thorough knowledge and clearness.

Perhaps the most interesting department of Cosmopolis to most of its readers will be the chronicle of international politics, entrusted in England to Henry Norman, the author of "The Peoples and Politics of the Far East"; in France to F. de Pressensé; and in Germany to a certain "Ignotus," whose very anonymity may be taken to indicate in this case that he means to tell the truth, even when it is unpalatable to the powers that be.

This hasty survey of the first number of an admirable undertaking gives but a faint impression of its importance. We advise all our readers to buy a copy, and to judge for themselves. It promises to take the place so long held by the quarterlies and the Revue des Deux Mondes, and to do much more. In fact, it should not be long before this addition to the luxuries of civilized life will have become one of its necessaries—an indispensable part of every well-ordered private and public library.

#### London Letter

THE APPOINTMENT of a new Laureate seems likely to meet with general satisfaction. It is well that the post is filled, firstly, because all old survivals of a courtly kind are commendable, especially at a time when courtliness is commonly at a discount; and, secondly, because a number of inconsiderable poetasters have



MR. ALFRED AUSTIN

been clamoring about their claim so long that it will be restful and wholesome to find them silenced. Moreover, a choice has been made that is likely to suit all reasonable parties. It has been clear this long while that it would be impossible for the laurel to go to the greatest living poet; and, failing him, it was best that it should be bestowed where it was safe to be worn with decorum and a certain reserved dignity. Mr. Alfred Austin supplies these requirements in a high degree. During all the vain discussion which has raged around the vacant chair, he has borne himself with aloofness and with self-respect; his experimental odes have been few, and he has never "given himself away" to the interviewers. In all these things he compares very favorably with many of his rivals; and of his poetry it may at least be said that it is far from being the worst for which claims have been discovered. Indeed, a certain intelligent conservatism, and a genuine enthusiasm for English life, render Mr. Austin no unworthy follower of a poet who was essentially national in his interests, and who, while he believed in progress, sought first (as he himself declared) "to conserve the hopes of man." It was inevitable that the gulf between Tennyson and his successor should be a wide

one; but it is no less certainly true that Mr. Austin is a sincere disciple of the greater Alfred; and that he will do his best to maintain the tradition, and to hand on that calm philosophy which has been so sadly wanting in literature since October 1892.

has been so sadly wanting in literature since October 1892.

Mr. Alfred Austin is in his sixty-first year, and has written many volumes. I have before me as I write two of the earliest: his satire, "The Season," which is dated 1861; and a half-forgotten volume of criticism, "The Poetry of the Period," which appeared in 1870. They are both suggestive in their way; the satire, because it shows how insistently a young poet will seize upon a field of work for which he is by nature unsuited; the essays, because in them Mr. Austin is observed to be in violent antagonism with that very school of poetry to which he has subsequently given long and strenuous adherence. Of the best of his poetry it may be said that it is healthy, vigorous and simple; of the worst it can hardly be affirmed that it reaches the depth touched by a great deal of far more pretentious contemporary verse. On the whole, I fancy, it will be found that, after the first excitement is over, the appointment will be appreciated for what it is: a simple way out of a complex difficulty, relegating the office to its old dependence upon the court, but preserving it successfully from the contamination of the trickster.

Another New Year honor which is meeting with even more general approbation is the elevation of Sir Frederic Leighton to the Peerage. I believe that this is the first time that art has received so high a recognition; and there is no doubt that the decision will be extremely popular. It is gratifying, too, to hear, as I do upon the best authority, that the President of the Royal Academy is enjoying much better health than he has enjoyed for years, and that his friends are beginning to hope that he has yet

many years of activity before him.

Any change in the editorship of one of the principal daily papers is accompanied by a good deal of excited interest among journalists; and this week there has been much parleying over the translation of Mr. E. T. Cook to the editorial chair of The Daily News.

Mr. Cook has edited The Westminster Gazette since its inception, and has made it uniformly readable. He is generally regarded as one of the most competent journalists in London: and his promotion is likely to be followed by some stimulating changes in the character of the paper over which he will henceforward preside. Meanwhile, there is as yet no appointment to the post which he vacates.

The Realm, I am sorry to say, has published its last number. It had extremely bad luck in many ways. No sooner was it well under way, than Lady Colin Campbell, upon whom the paper was to rely for much of its information and some of its spriteliness, was attacked by rheumatic fever; she has never been able to resume her work since. Then Mr. Earl Hodgson, who has manfully labored at the post single-handed, has been frequently indisposed from the strain of overwork; and lately, it must be confessed, the character of the paper had declined somewhat from that of its original conception. Still, it was generally understood that The Realm, thanks to managerial ingenuity, was gradually winning its way; and the sudden decision of the proprietors to discontinue it came as a surprise to almost everyone concerned. The number for last Friday—though I believe it was set up—never appeared; and it has since been decided to render what was at first intended for a temporary suspension, into a permanent cessation.

Some sensation has been caused in theatrical circles, this week,

Some sensation has been caused in theatrical circles, this week, by the abrupt announcement that Mrs. Patrick Campbell has seceded from the Lyceum company, and that the part designed for her in "Michael and His Lost Angel" will be played by Miss Marion Terry. It was understood that the syndicate formed to exploit the venture was especially conceived in the interests of Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Campbell, and the sudden removal of one-half of the dual alliance is variously discussed. Next week is to be a lively one at the theatres; "Michael" and "The Prisoner of Zenda" being two uncommon attractions for a single week. It is unfortunately true that Mr. John Hare has determined that, upon his return to London, he will cease to be lessee of a theatre. Very possibly he may take a house for a brief season; and almost certainly he will continue to act, but his connection with the Garrick Theatre has closed.

LONDON, 2 Jan. 1896. ARTHUR WAUGH.

PRESIDENT MONROE'S famous message of 1823, containing the "Monroe Doctrine," has been published in full among the Old South Leaflets, with historical notes and references to the best literature of the subject. It forms No. 56 of this always excellent series of publications.

#### The Laurel

(To Mr. WIILLIAM WATSON)

What was that tinsel laurel of the state,—
The wreath political, strong Dryden shed
For feeble Shadwell when the Stuart fled,
The formal crown of Cibber, Eusden, Tate,—
Till, touching Wordsworth's brows, a guerdon late,
It glistened live and green; and lordlier spread
About the noble, sable silvered head
Of him who sleeps, supremely laureate?

What is that laurel, of his fame bereft?

The toy of statecraft, as it was of yore,
A thin, theatric leaf, unmeet for thee.

O fortunate at last! to thee 'tis left
To keep thy voice as Milton's pure and free,
To wear such bays as Burns and Byron wore!

HELEN GRAY CONE.

The Lounger

A CONGREGATIONAL MEETING of the Brick Presbyterian Church in Fifth Avenue was called for Wednesday of this week to consider the resignations of the two gentlemen who, during the last two years, have divided the responsibilities of the pastorate. It is not as a theologian or church-goer that I am inter-



From a photograph by Rockwood DR. HENRY VAN DYKE

ested in the result of this meeting, but simply as a lover of good reading. The acceptance of Dr. van Dyke's resignation, if it should imply nothing but a change from one New York pulpit to another, would be a loss only to the congregation to which he has ministered for the past fourteen years; if it should imply his removal to another city, the whole town would be a loser; if, perchance, it should involve his retirement from the ministry, the Presbyterian Church in America would be much the poorer. But this last contingency is the one, I confess, that would cause me the least regret. For the fine qualities of heart and mind that Dr. van Dyke puts into his preaching and writing, would be turned more freely into literary channels if he were relieved of pastoral caree; and this would be a substantial gain to American literature.

EVEN AS IT IS, the tale of his title-pages is not a short one for a man of three-and forty: "The Reality of Religion" (1884). "The Story of the Psalms," "The Poetry of Tennyson," a little pamphlet on "The National Sin of Piracy" (in literature). "God and Little Children," "The Christ-Child in Art," "Straight Sermons to Young Men," "The Story of the Other Wise Man" and "Little Rivers." Eight or nine volumes in a period of eleven years. Not a bad record for a busy pastor, and one who has taken a holiday every year, and spent it where he was little tempted to write or preach—unless he found an audience among the birds and fishes. For, although Dr. van Dyke was born in the pulpit and cradled in a library, no one is more at home out-of-doors than he, nor more in his element when knee-deep in a mountain stream. It is this vigorous, manly quality, that impels him into the open, and is there strengthened by exposure to the sun and wind, that makes him so effective in the pulpit, so whole-some when the printed page is his rostrum.

I HAVE JUST BEEN READING his "Little Rivers"—latest and best of its author's writings, and one of the most delightful of the books of '95. It is hardly intended to be read straight through, at a sitting; yet it is a hard book to lay down. It takes you into familiar as well as into unfrequented ways; for the learned Doctor of Divinity has fished in many waters, at home and abroad. And he wields his pen as skilfully as he handles a reel—and in very much the same manner; using a quaint or familiar allusion as fly to a hook (all his own) of wit, or sentiment, or wisdom, wherewith he plays the reader through a pool of sparkling phrases, and lands him triumphantly at last on a bank of spearmint, the "symbol of remembrance," or white heather, the emblem of pure love. It is a book of tonic quality, and its little river of text, meandering through a meadow of margin, has brought refreshment to many an eye already, and will bring it to many another, introducing to a new audience a preacher who is also a poet (see the graceful prelude to this volume, "An Angler's Wish in Town"), a man-of-letters who is likewise a man of the world (listen to him after dinner at the Century or Aldine Club, or the New England Society's annual banquet)—to a pastor, poet, scholar and citizen who is excellent in all these parts because he is first and last and all the time a man.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN'S first effort as Poet Laureate has not covered him with glory. Anything more commonplace and puerile than the lines he has written on the situation in the Transvaal, called "Jameson's Ride," could hardly be imagined. The following stanzas, which were called to The Sun, may prove Mr. Austin a good Tory, but they also prove him a poor poet:—

"Wrong! Is it wrong? Well, may be;
But I'm going, boys, all the same.
Do they think me a burgher's baby
To be scared by a scolding name?
They may argue and prate and order;
Go tell them to save their breath.
Then over the Transväul border,
And gallop for life or death.

"Right sweet is the marksman's rattle,
And sweeter the cannon's roar,
But 'tis bitterly hard to battle
Beleaguered, and one to four.
I can tell you it wasn't a trifle
To swarm over Krügersdorp glen,
As they plied us with round and rifle,
And ploughed us again and again.

"I suppose we were wrong—were madmen;
Still I think at the judgment day,
When God sifts the good from the bad men,
There'll be something more to say.
We were wrong, but we aren't half sorry,
And as one of the baffied band,
I would rather have had that foray
Than the crushings of all the Rand."

In the same edition of The Sun I found another special cable dispatch, which described the "Marvelous New Light" that "penetrates many solids, among them aluminium, as if they were glass." If all that is claimed for this new light be true, then good-by to privacy. Heretofore it has been possible to avoid the snap-shot photographer by shutting the door in his face, but now he can dely doors, particularly if they be made of aluminium, for the inventor, Prof. Rontgen, has "sent rays of his new chemical

light through aluminium plates an inch thick, and they went as clean through it as if the substance had been glass." It is also said, though not in this paragraph, that this new light can penetrate human flesh. Mind-reading was bad enough, but here comes an instrument that can read the innermost secrets of the heart. One may be able to control his mind; if we are to believe the faith-curists, this is an easy matter, but the heart is another thing. A reporter may come to interview you, and you may throw him off the track with equivocal words. But concealed somewhere about his person he has one of Prof. Rontgen's patent lights, and, instead of taking down what you are saying with your lips, he is reading the truth in your heart and making notes of it! The possibilities of this new invention are terrible. The only thing for us to do is to find some substance that will prove a non-conductor of light and make underwear of it, for if we don't, we might as well wear our hearts on our sleeves as to carry them in the place that Nature has designed for them.

ONE CANNOT BUT admire the persistency of Émile Zola-There is never a vacancy in the French Academy that he does not offer himself as a candidate to fill it; that he is refused every time does not discourage him. He comes just as gaily to the fore as though he were sure of a welcome. Now, I understand, he is going to offer himself for the place made vacant by the death of Alexandre Dumas, and it is said that there is some prospect of his getting it. I suppose that the Academicians either admire his pluck, his never-say-die attitude, or are worn out in their efforts to resist him, and will let him in from sheer inertia.

MR. G. H. PUTNAM said at the meeting of the Massachusetts Library Club, the other day, that only about ten per cent. of what is written for publication is used, the other ninety per cent. representing "a vast amount of lost effort." From my own observation I should say that ten per cent. was an over-estimate of the amount published. If Mr. Putnam means ten per cent. of the manuscripts sent in by unknown writers, his experience is better than that of most publishers. Nothing is more rarethan the publication of a book by an inexperienced writer. Of course, every writer begins by being inexperienced, but he usually tries his prentice hand on stories or essays before he plunges into a book. I do not deny that first books are often successful, sometimes more so than those that follow by the same author, but they are seldom the first books of a novice in writing. Mr. Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs" was his first book, and it was a success, but Mr. Crawford was a trained writer before he began to write that story. "Peter Ibbetson" was a success, not so great as "Trilby," of course, but great enough. It was Mr. du Maurier's first book, but who would be bold enough to say that its author was not a writer before he essayed anything so ambitious as a novel? The amount of good paper and ink that is wasted every year in hopeless efforts to make books is depressing. But it would be more depressing, I fear, if the efforts were not wasted.

#### The New Librarian

DR. JOHN SHAW BILLINGS, who has been appointed Superintendent-in-Chief of the consolidated libraries of New York, is Director of the Department of Hygiene of the University of Pennsylvania, and a medical bibliographer of international fame. He was born in Indiana, 12 April 1838, graduated at Miami University in 1857, and at the Ohio Medical College in 1860, and was appointed acting assistant-surgeon in the United States Army in 1861, serving with the Fifth Corps of the Army of the Potomac in the campaign of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. Subsequently he was made a medical inspector of the army, and was attached to the Surgeon-General's office in Washington in 1864. In 1876 he was appointed a Surgeon-Major of the regular army. Dr. Billings has been Vice-President of the National Board of Health, and is an honorary LL. D. of the University of Edinburgh (1884), and a member of the National Academy of Sciences and the American Medical Association. He has been a constant contributor to the periodical literature of medicine, proving himself a medical man of great knowledge; but his fame rests chiefly on his remarkable work in making the "Index Medicus" and the Catalogue of the Surgeon-General's Library at Washington. These two masterpieces of cataloguing demonstrate that he is indeed the right man for the place to which he has been appointed, for they not only mean skill, accuracy and industry, but also the gift of organizing the work of others. New York is to be congratulated upon its new Librarian.

#### "The Critic" Then and Now: 1881-96

ONE OF The Critic's first and best friends was Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman. He was the "star" contributor to its first number, published 15 Jan. 1881. A strange little number it was, modelled as to size and typography upon Harper's Young People. Small as the paper then was, it boasted some well-known names

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Edward Charace Harman

among its contributors. There was Mr. Stedman to lead off with, whose masterly essay on "William Blake, Poet and Painter," would have dignified a much more imposing-looking periodical. The first book-review was written by the late Miss Emma Lazarus—on Prof. Meyer's "Life of Wordsworth." Among the other contributors were Dr. Titus Munson Coan, Messrs. Brander Matthews, Sidney Howard Gay, Charles de Kay, R. W. Gilder, Paul M. Potter and Gustave Kobbé, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and the editors. An advertisement printed at the back of the paper announced, among the promised contributors to this new venture, besides those already named, Messrs. Charles Dudley Warner, John Burroughs, Walt Whitman, H. H. Boyesen, R. H. Stoddard, Noah Brooks, E. S. Nadal and Joel Chandler Harris, and among the ladies Mrs. Helen Jackson, then "H. H.," Mrs. F. H. Burnett and Miss Kate Field. The Critic performed as much as it promised, and more. It gave Mr. Harris's "Nights with Uncle Remus," Walt Whitman's "How I Get Round at 60 and Take Notes," besides poems by both, and by Mr. Stedman, Austin Dobson and Edmund Gosse, and book-reviews by a host of experts. This rule of giving books on special subjects to specialists to review has been followed by The Critic from the first, and it may surprise our readers to know that to each number from twenty to twenty-five different writers contribute.

While The Critic's principal feature is invariably its reviews of books, it gives, also, careful criticisms of all that is new in the world of music, art and the drama: and, being held by no hard and fast rule, it has occasionally printed special numbers, such as those celebrating the centenary of Washington Irving's birth, Dr. Holmes's 75th birthday, Mr. Lowell's 70th, and other occasions interesting to the world of letters. The Critic, while not a "jingo" paper, has lent itself to the cultivation of home talent, and done its best to build up rather than to drag down the work

of the American author. In its columns some of our foremost writers have had their first encouragement, both as authors and contributors. On the whole, *The Critic* feels very well pleased with the course it has followed, and wishes for nothing more than a continuance of the success of its methods.

#### [New York Letter in London Author, a Dec 1895]

"The Critic is now about fifteen years old, half the age of The Nation. As the nearest British analogue to The Nation is The Spectator, so the nearest British analogue to The Critic is The Academy, although The Critic has always given far more space to news than The Academy ever did. The Critic was founded by Miss J. L. Gilder, who had long been the New York correspondent of *The Academy*. She was aided by a younger brother, Mr. J. B. Gilder. *The Critic* has always paid special attention to the topics of the time, to the book of the hour, to the author of the day. It celebrated the centenary of Washington Irving's birth with a special number containing contributions from many of the leaders of American literature. Its London correspondent was for a while Mr. W. E. Henley, who could not keep his political prejudices out of his letters, and who was succeeded by Mrs. L. B. Walford. The London correspondent is now Mr. Arthur Waugh, who has been very happy in taking the tone of the paper and in supplying it with the latest news of literary London. Although the literary centre of the United States is now in New York, it was once in Boston, and it may be some day in Chicago; so The Critic has correspondents in both cities, thus retaining a hold on the past and keeping in touch with the future. Mr. Charles Wingate writes the weekly letter from Boston, and Miss Lucy Monroe supplies that from Chicago, not finding it easy sometimes to make bricks The Critic has always opened its columns freely to discussion of music and drama and the fine arts. I believe that Mr. Charles de Kay was once the writer on the fine arts; and that Mr. W. J. Henderson is now responsible for the musical criticism. Mr. Paul M. Potter, the dramatiser of "Trilby," was the first dramatic critic.

"It is pleasant to be able to record the fact that the columns of The Critic and of The Nation are absolutely free from the sickening self-puffery of their own contributors which disgraces certain of the London reviews. The Nation never criticises the books written by members of its office staff, and it is noted for the freedom with which it handles the writings of its occasional contributors. An American man-of-letters told me the other day that for twenty years he had written almost every review in The Nation on a certain important topic, besides contributing occasional articles on other subjects, and that he had seen more than once, in parallel columns to a contribution of his own, an adverse criticism of some book of his or of one of his magazine articles. No review has ever appeared in The Critic of any books of Mr. Richard Watson Gilder—solely because he is the brother of the editors of The Critic.

"The Critic was at first a fortnightly, although it became a weekly more than ten years ago."

#### Paul Verlaine

PAUL VERLAINE, the French décadent poet, died at Paris on Jan. 8. He was born in Metz in 1844, of unknown ancestry, and published his first bundle of verse, "Poèmes Saturniens," in 1866. Classed by Max Nordau as a degenerate, this vagabond with the gift of perfect song was a puzzling combination of Villon and Thomas à Kempis—of grovelling sensuality and the ecstacies of the ascetic. "Verlaine believes in the Roman Catholic Church," said Jules Lemaître, "as earnestly as the Pope himself, but in Verlaine there is only belief—practice is wholly wanting in him." His place in French letters is assured for all time by a score of masterpieces, in which thought, sound and form have been welded into one flawless whole; but to the psychologist he offers a puzzle that is not solved by M. Lemaître's clever phrase, nor by Dr. Nordau's description of him as a "circulaire"—one in whom moods follow one another, cause one another in a soul whose will is not strong enough to control itself. In fact, the French critic summed up the puzzle correctly when he remarked:—"I do not think that he realizes how he lives or how he writes." Verlaine aquandèred his supreme gift, and thereby robbed his country of a richer leaf in its crown of glory; but even as it is, France has reason to be proud of him, for he has demonstrated the endless possibilities and incomparable beauties of her tongue in a way that was all his own, unapproached by any other French poet. Of his career it is better to keep silence: Western science and

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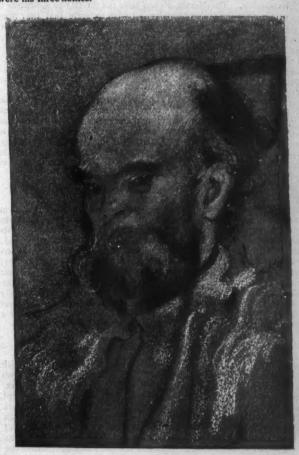
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not ent, Oriental fatalism may point to it with equal right; but the pity, the heart-rending pity of it will be felt by all who observe intelligently the grim, cruel comedy that is called life.

Verlaine's favorite resort is said to have been the Café du Soleil, where he could generally be found an hour or two before dinner, seated at a little table, with a glass of absinthe within easy reach, engaged in smoking a pipe, reading the newspapers and jotting down memoranda or bits of verse. He was usually ill-clad, dirty, unkempt; and yet the other habitués of the place, knowing his ability and impressed by his widening fame, regarded him with a respect that was in no wise impaired even when the effects of a long evening's imbibition of absinthe and inhalation of the smoky atmosphere of the café were such as to make it impossible for him to find his way to his wretched "lodging for a night" without their guidance and support. The café, the hospital, the jail—these were his three homes.



PAUL VERLAINE

The list of Verlaine's works includes 13 volumes of poetry—"Poèmes Saturniens," "La Bonne Parole," "Romances sans Paroles," "Jadis et Naguère," "Sagesse" (which is undoubtedly his best work), etc.; six volumes of prose, and a one-act comrdy in verse. The Critic of 16 Dec. 1893 contained an article on Verlaine's work and life.

A notice of Miss Gertrude Hall's translation of some fifty poems by Verlaine, in a dainty volume illustrated by Henry McCarter and issued by Stone & Kimball, appeared in Miss Munroe's Chicago Letter in *The Critic* of 1 June 1895.

#### Mr. Crockett Protests

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I write to ask your hospitality in order to make a statement in regard to a book that has been published under my name in America. Messrs. R. F. Fenno & Co., 112 Fifth Avenue, New York, have published "A Galloway Herd," by S. R. Crockett, author of "A Lilac Sunbonnet," "The Raiders," "The Stickit

Minister," etc. It is marked "Copyright 1895 by R. F. Fenno & Co." If the image and superscription had been "Stolen and Pirated 1895 by R. F. Fenno & Co.," it would have been quite correct. Messrs. Fenno have, in fact, stolen a boyish story of correct. Messrs. Fenno have, in fact, stolen a boyish story of mine, which appeared in a religious magazine some years ago in Glasgow. They have printed it without so much as asking my permission, or communicating in any way with me. They have hallmarked my story as their copyright, and in so doing have also marked their own standing as publishers. As to the book itself, it is a crude and boyish production written in youth, and which I never had any intention of republishing. I have, indeed, already used all that I judged of value in "Bog-Myrtle and Peat" and other books. Now, there are in America certain very honest men and publishers who have paid me honest cash for the more mature work of my brain. In their interests as well as my own the truth with regard to "A Galloway Herd" should be as widely known as possible. The Messrs, Fenno have put no date or indication of origin upon my stolen property. I wish to state that they must not be confounded with the other publishers to whom I have referred.

S. R. CROCKETT.

BANK HOUSE, PENICUIK, MIDLOTHIAN, 22 Dec. 1895.

#### Mr. Lang's "Aucassin" in Maine

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:-

I read in The Critic of November 23, that a Mr. Mosher has published my "Aucassin"; apparently for his own emolument. published my "Aucassin"; apparently for his own emounted.
May I ask this Mr. Mosher, through your paper, if he ever requested
my leave to reprint the book which (of course) he has bungled, as
Mr. Hatch points out? "Mosher,"—the name seems new to me. If he was so discourteous (honesty apart) as to crib my work, he gained nothing by his bad manners. The book was a labor of love, and I would gladly have let him do his worst.

ST. ANDREWS, FIFE, Dec. 10.

ANDREW LANG.

[To a note of inquiry in this connection, Mr. Mosher replies, in substance, that he was not unmindful of his own emolument in reprinting Mr. Lang's uncopyrighted translation; that at this point it is needless to say whether he intended, or did not intend, to send the translator an honorarium; that the errors in the Portland "Aucassin and Nicolete" are few and slight (which is true); that even the London edition is not wholly free from trivial slips; that he has sought to give his various reprints a worthy setting (he has generally succeeded in doing so, though the type is usually smaller than we like); and that he deplores such criticism as that which drew Mr. Lang's attention to his unauthorized edition of a very charming book. Eds. The Critic.]

#### Mr. Crawford and Miss Wilkins

ONE OF BROOKLYN'S most interesting institutions is that which is known as Mrs. Field's Literary Club. Every year the Club gives a reception at the house of one or another of its members, and those who are so fortunate as to receive invitations accept them without delay-even if it involves a journey from New York to Brooklyn Heights, -for they are sure to hear some one speak who has something interesting to say, and to meet a number of literary folk worth going out of one's way to meet. The Club was organized by Mrs. George W. Field several years ago, when the education of a son made it convenient for her to live beyond the Bridge, and her return to this city has not been allowed to interfere with its prosperity.

The chief attraction at the reunion of December 1892 was a reading from the writings of Mr. Marion Crawford, the reader being Mr. Crawford himself. Among those who were invited to meet him, and to be met, was Miss Mary E. Wilkins. Miss Wilkins had already made a reputation in this country, but her fame as yet had hardly spread to foreign shores; and the lion of the evening betrayed his ignorance of the fact that the quiet young woman with whom he had exchanged a few words was a literary lioness. The doings of the Literary Club are not reported in the daily papers; but it was not long before it got noised abroad that Mr. Crawford had snubbed Miss Wilkins at the meeting in question, and the rumor offered a text for many a jibe.

Mrs. Field was naturally annoyed at the publicity given to the affair, and when this winter's reception was being planned (for Dec. 19), she thought to arrange a second meeting between Mr. Crawford, who happened to be in America again, and the inimitable delineator of humble New England types with whom his name had been rather painfully connected. So invitations were

sent to both of them; but unhappily neither of them could accept. Their letters of regret gave them, however, an excellent opportunity to remove the wrong impression that had been made at the meeting of three years since. Miss Wilkins was the first to

"MY DEAR MRS. FIELD :-

"My work is, at present, of such a very urgent nature, that I am obliged to deny myself nearly every social recreation that comes in my way and keep closely at home, with pen in hand. am very sorry not to meet you and the members of your Club again, and also to miss becoming acquainted with Mrs. Craigie, and hearing Mrs. Deland's paper. I have always remembered with pleasure your delightful reception to Mr. Crawford. Lately, in reading over his 'Witch of Prague,' I came to the portion which I heard him read that evening, and it had a new interest Very sincerely yours,

"RANDOLPH, MASS., Dec. 8, 1895. MARY E. WILKINS."

Mr. Crawford's letter was written only a day later.

"My DEAR MRS. FIELD :-

"It is very good of you to send me two invitations, and I wish I could accept either of them with any chance of being present. I am chiefly in Washington nowadays, and my movements are as uncertain as those of a mosquito! I have always remembered with pleasure my reading at your Club three years ago, as having been the first I gave in this country, and one of the most pleasant. There was, indeed, that little story about Miss Wilkins! Do you remember? I shook hands with two or three hundred people whose names were murmured in the air quite outside of my hearing; and for all I heard of an introduction, Miss Wilkins might have been the Queen of the Cannibal Islands. I have always regretted that I did not know who she was, as I have read some of her things with great pleasure, and we have never met again.

"Sincerely yours,
"F. Marion Crawford.
"Washington, D. C., Dec. 9, 1895."

Mrs. Field lost no time in communicating to Miss Wilkins the substance of Mr. Crawford's note. Her letter elicited this acknowledgment:-

"MY DEAR MRS. FIELD :-

Thank you very much for all this interesting news about Mr. wford. Of course I saw the notices in the papers at the time, Crawford. and people often spoke of the matter to me. I do wish Mr. Craw-ford knew how utterly irresponsible I held him for not knowing me; I live in too fragile a glass house myself, on such occasions. Then, too, I could never see why Mr. Crawford was in duty bound to know me; he had lived abroad so much, and I was, comparatively, a new writer. There were some funny features about the affair, which amused me, but in a most friendly fashion, to which Mr. Crawford would have taken no exception, I should like to tell him the little story myself.

"I admire Mr. Crawford so much, that I dislike to think that he should consider me so very silly as to be hurt, because he did not, in such a crowded assembly, single me out from the others and begin to talk about my little stories. I was glad that he did not, because I went to see him, and not for him to see me. I was very much annoyed by the newspaper notices, and their garbling of facts, however. I could never quite decide whether they reflected more upon Mr. Crawford or me. \* \* \* I never for one min-ute thought Mr. Crawford rude to me. If I had thought him so, I would not have read his books over so many times afterwards, because I should have been hurt, and they would have brought it to mind. I wish you would please tell him this for me. I thought of writing to him, but I think perhaps it will be better for you to tell him, if you will. Very sincerely yours,

"DEC. 15, 1895. MARY E. WILKINS."

By permission of the writers, these letters were read at last month's meeting of the Literary Club, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. van Anden. Then Mrs. Field, at The Critic's request, wrote to Mr. Crawford and Miss Wilkins for permission to print them. Miss Wilkins's reply left the matter to Mr. Crawford; Mr. Crawford's, written at the same time, assented to Miss Wilkins's decision, whatever it should be. So what looked at first like an addition to the tale of "Quarrels of Authors" proves to be but a new illustration of the "Amenities of Literature."

It may be added that the reception at which these letters were read was one of the most noteworthy the Club has given. Guests

were invited to meet Mrs. Margaret Deland, Mrs. Pearl Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), Mrs. George C. Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin) and Miss Marguerite Merington; and the topic for the evening was "The Value of the Novel, as Helping us to Understand Present Social Conditions." Mrs. Deland read a very carefully considered and interesting paper, and a witty but informal reply was made by Miss Merington—author of that sparkling comedy, "Captain Letterblair." A few thoughtful remarks were made by Mrs. Riggs, and then the purely intellectual part of the entertainment gave place to sociability. Among the guests from out of town was that youthful septuagenarian, Dr. Edward Everett Hale.

#### An Old Bookmart's Removal

Messes. Bangs & Co. announce their removal to new quarters at 91 Fifth Avenue. They have occupied the premises at 739-741 Broadway for nearly seventeen years—since May 1879. It is estimated that during this time they held not less than 3400 sales, bringing under the hammer, at a very low estimate, at least 2,000,000 volumes, not counting pamphlets. To this immense number should be added autograph-letters, engravings, coins and medals, and postage-stamps. A retrospective glance brings back to memory many notable libraries and collections that were dispersed in their auction-rooms—among them the Rev. E. H. Chapin's library of English and American literature, with its numerous "extra-illustrated" volumes; Mr. A. J. Odell's collection of Latin, French and English books, with its sumptuous catalogue; Mr. Henry B. Dawson's library of books and pamphlets relating to the local history of nearly every State of the Union, which was sold in three parts; Mr. John B. Dunbar's collection of Americana, with its scarce books on the Indian; Mr. George H. Moore's collection of Americana, chiefly consisting of old newspapers, pamphlets and books relating to this city and State; Mr. Richard M. Hoe's unequalled library on the history and art of printing; Mr. W. F. Johnson's valuable first editions of English authors; Mr. Daniel Adee's library of Old-English literature; and Mr. Charles B. Foote's magnificent collection, the sale of which is still fresh in the minds of all book-lovers.

which is still fresh in the minds of all book-lovers.

Other notable sales were those of the libraries of Messrs.
Rezin A. Wight, Richard Grant White, Hamilton Cole, James C.
Brevoort, Henry Ward Poole, Judge Joseph P. Bradley, Prof.
Chas. E. West, Thos. F. Donnelly, C. I. Bushnell, George F.
Parsons, Joseph Crosby, Theo. W. Dwight, John B. Moreau,
James Maurice, Col. E. C. James, Nelson J. Waterbury, John
Wolfe, L. E. Chittenden, William Berrian, E. B. O'Callaghan,
Prof. Charles Short, C. W. Frederickson, Ferdinand Ward, E. B.
Wynn and L. D. Alexander.

# The Drama "The Benefit of the Doubt"

MR. A. W. PINERO'S latest comedy, produced last week at the Lyceum Theatre, is not a sexual problem-play, but a social study, extraordinarily faithful to life, highly ingenious in construction and full of theatrical interest, although written in so cynical a spirit that it can scarcely be described as a wholly pleasing work. The phase of society which it represents is frivolous, selfish and insincere, and the episodes which it introduces are the natural consequences of the characters of the personages who figure in them. Plot there is none, and of story there is very little. Theophila Fraser, who has inherited a flighty and irresponsible character from a silly and artificial mother, is married to a grave and domesticated Scotchman, of whom and her surroundings she soon grows weary. She finds relaxation in the company of her old friend John Allingham, whose wife is a jealous termagant. The intimacy is purely platonic, but some of the circumstances connected with it excite the suspicion of Mrs. Allingham, who forthwith sues her husband for a judicial separation, naming Mrs. Fraser as corespondent. The latter wins her case, the evidence not justifying a verdict against her, but the judge, in dismissing the suit, criticises her conduct in severe terms, and bases his decision chiefly on the consideration that she is entitled to the benefit of the doub.

However much she may be entitled to it, she certainly does not get it, and the argument of the play, so far as it has any argument, seems to be that nobody in a similar predicament, whether innocent or guilty, would be likely to get it. As soon as her family learn of the judge's unpleasant qualification, they instantly foresee that all their friends will put the worst possible construction upon it, and begin to deplore the disgrace that has been brought upon them. The most disconsolate of all is Fraser, the husband, who frankly

intimates that he is not as sure of his wife's innocence as he would wish to be, declares that he is utterly unable to face the storm of scandal and shame, and orders Theophila to go abroad at once. Furious at this treatment, she flies to John Allingham, of all men in the world, for advice and succor. Meanwhile Mrs. Allingham, the cause of all the trouble, has begun to be ashamed of herself, and has set out for her old home, in the hope of effecting a reconciliation. She is with her husband when Mrs. Fraser is announced, and insists upon being an unseen witness of the coming interview, arguing that Mrs. Fraser's innocence can be established in no other way. Allingham weakly consents, and Mrs. Fraser's speech and manner quickly prove that thus far she has been guilty of indiscretion only; but, unhappily, being hungry and faint, she is induced to drink a glass of champagne, which stimulates her to such a pitch of recklessness that she asks her companion to elope with her. This is an uncommonly strong scene, and is managed from first to last with consummate skill. After it the interest flags a little, but the third act, which is devoted to plans for the reëstablishment of Theophila's character through the intervention of the family bishop and the good offices of the repentant Mrs. Allingham, is no less clever as a study of character, though less striking dramatically.

character, though less striking dramatically.

It is as a study of character, indeed, that the play is most remarkable. In no other modern piece, that now occurs to the memory of the writer, has the relation between the nature of the incidents and the characters of the personages been marked so logically and so strongly. The consistency of the whole thing is most artistic and beautiful, and the personal sketches are wonderfully lifelike. It is their undeniable veracity that creates a feeling of imparience in their contemplation, for the unrelieved exhibition of human meanness is not inspiring. Unfortunately the types are not only true, but common. The shallow, flighty, pleasure-loving wife, who errs through want of proper self-respect; the respectable, but narrow, egoistic and cowardly husband; the artificial, empty, frivolous mother; the self-righteous wife of the bishop, so tardily converted to charity, are all depicted with perfectly remorseless fidelity, and with a satirical touch which is none the less effective because it is so light. The jealous Mrs. Allingham is a masterplece, far more vital than the once famous Mrs. Oakley in Coleman's old comedy. Allingham himself, an amiable but weak man, forfelts respect by his consent to expose the woman whom has compromised by his thoughtless attentions to an ordeal which obviously might have resulted in her permanent ruin, but it must be admitted that his action is perfectly consistent with his character. The relation between cause and effect is observed everywhere with admirable fidelity and ingenuity, even in the closing scenes, in which the ultimate fate of the characters is left largely to the imagination.

The performance is good, but might be better. Most of the players, in their anxiety to emphasize every possible point, exaggerate Mr. Pinero's outlines and mar the harmony of his delicate proportions. Mr. Kelcey does well as Allingham, but the only teally perfect performance is that of the loquacious bore, Sir Fletcher Portwood, by that excellent comedian, Mr. Lemoyne. The representation will acquire more lightness and spontaneity, doubtless, with repetition. Of the success of the piece there ought not to be any doubt, for its literary and theatrical qualities are of that high order which cannot fail to please all intelligent observers.

#### Mr. John Hare

THIS ACCOMPLISHED English comedian has furnished another example of his versatility in his performance of Lord K'ldare in "A Quiet Rubber," produced at Abbey's Theatre on Monday evening. The piece is Charles Coghlan's adaptation of "Une Partie de Piquet," and is not unknown in this country. It is an amusing, but highly improbable, little sketch, in which an irascible old nobleman is subjected to chloroform and then made to believe that a fierce quarrel, in which he had participated, occurred in a dream. This is the character assumed by Mr. Hare, who lavishes upon it all the resources of an almost microscopic art. His identity is concealed by a wonderful disguise, which is supported by a complete change of gait, voice and gesture. The impersonation is a little hard in tone and outline, and a little deficient in human feeling and passion, and not, therefore, so sympathetic as it might be, but as a study of crabbed, selfish, irascible and haughty old age, combined with marked eccentricity of manner, it is a masterpiece. In contrast with the beaming geniality of Benjamin Goldfinch in "A Pair of Spectacles," it is extraordinarily effective, Mr. Hare has an excellent supporter in Mr. Charles Groves.

# The Fine Arts The Hegger Photographs

A SERIES of large photographs by Mr. Frank Hegger, of the principal architectural monuments of Europe, has received great aud deserved praise from such competent critics as Mr. Russell Sturgis, President of the New York Architectural League, and Prof. Charles H. Moore of Harvard University. The size of these photographs, three feet by four, is, we believe, the largest yet attempted, but they are without the faults to be found in many of smaller dimensions, being free from distortion of the longer lines, showing details clearly, and having a pleasant and uniform tone. The same subjects are reproduced in three sizes, but the largest are, of course, the most valuable.

The series includes a magnificent view of the Parthenon and one of the Athenian Acropolis from the Philopappus hill. Among several views of ancient and modern Rome are splendid photographs of the exterior and the interior of the Colosseum and one of the interior of St. Peter's, which, owing to the great scale, give something of the impression of the monuments themselves. The lace-like pinnacles and niches of Milan Cathedral, the half-effaced frescoes on the front of St. Mark's and the mosaics of the interior, the wonderful terra-cotta ornamentation of La Certosa in Pavia, the Moorish arches of Seville and the Gothic tracery of the cathedrals of Paris, Vienna and Cologne may be studied with a good idea of their effect in a general view. But there are also many reproductions on a still larger scale of interesting details and ornaments. The series of examples of Gothic architecture in France, Germany, England and Italy is, at present, the most complete, especially the English section, which includes views of Westminster, York, Canterbury, Salisbury and most of the great cathedrals.

Besides these architectural views, Mr. Hegger has reproduced on a correspondingly large scale and with equal success several of the most celebrated antique statues—the Hermes of Praxiteles, the Venus of Milo, and the whole series of the Elgin marbles among them. In some respects a photograph of this size, if carefully taken and in a good light, is better than a cast, for it gives a more truthful account of the finish of the original, some of which is necessarily lost in the plaster. It is to be hoped that the photographer will be encouraged to proceed in this line of work, and to add to his collection the many antique works not of the first rank but of great interest to students, which can now be studied only in the averagement.

in the museums in which they are placed.

With rocks and mountains, which present even greater difficulties than castles and cathedrals, he has also been remarkably successful; if one desires to scale the Matterhorn or to shoot Niagara in fancy, he can easily perform the feat with one of these huge photographs before the bodily eye. Size, when accompanied by truth and delicacy, is an important element in the reproduction of natural scenery, and of such works of art as those we have enumerated; and schools and colleges will find these views, of about three hundred subjects in all, of the utmost value. Being carbon prints, they are unalterable, and in time will doubtless be the most reliable records of the present condition of the important monuments which they represent.

A good selection of the art series with which to start a small gallery would include a large view of the Sphinx and the Pyramids, as a reminder of the most ancient civilizations; the view of the Athenian Acropolis, the pediment sculptures of the Parthenon and the Venus de Milo of the Greek series; the Colosseum, the Arch of Septimius Severus and the Pantheon of the Roman series. The Byzantine period might be represented by the exteriors of St. Sophia and St. Mark's, and a view of some of the Ravenna mosaics; and Mohammedan art by the Alcazar of Seville and the Court of Lions of the Alhambra. The only difficulty in making a good selection from the views of Romanesque and Gothic architecture would be caused by the number of subjects which there is to choose from; but it should be borne in mind that the Continental examples are the most important, and that one can hardly find better types than the cathedrals of Pisa, Paris, Amiens and Cologne. The interior of St. Peter's, some of the ceiling decorations of the Sistine Chapel by Michael Angelo, and one of Raphael's Vatican frescoes might serve as the nucleus of a collection for the study of the Italian Renaissance; but it would also be well to include some specimens of the Primitives, if only for the purpose of tracing the realistic movement in art from its Italian sources, through early Flemish and German work and Dutch and Spanish painting, down to the art of the present day. Such a selection would leave many gaps to be filled from time to time, but would include something of each of the main epochs in

the history of art, and would be worth much more for educational purposes than could be got in any other shape for the same amount of money.

#### "The Ladies' Home Journal" Exhibition

AN INTERESTING exhibtion of drawings made for The Ladies' Home Journal was opened in the ball-room of the Hotel Waldorf on Jan. 14. The artists represented are all well-known illustrators. Mr. A. B. Frost's illustrations to Mr. Frank R. Stockton's humorous tale of "Pomona's Travels" include some excellent sketches, in India-ink, of a persevering fisherman in a soaking shower, and sight-seers in the Gothic quadrangle of an Abbey, and some as clever in pen-and-ink. Mrs. Alice Barber Stephens has several charming drawings in India-ink and in tints—among the latter a portrait of Miss Amanda Todd, the heroine of an unpublished story, at thirty-five, and an illustration to "The Social Life of Marlborough," also unpublished. Among her drawings in black-and-white those for Mr. Stockton's "The Widow's Yarn," and one of a young lady meditatively gazing at a tea-table set for two, are particularly good, but most of her drawings are exceptionally well finished, showing qualities of texture and light and color not usually aimed at in work of this kind. Mr. W. L. Taylor's large drawing to accompany the late Eugene Field's poem, "The Dream Ship," with its classic figures, its gauzy draperies and floating mists, introduces a welcome hint of the ideal, and Mr. Albert Lynch's "The Godmother," a charming little painting in oils, a very pleasant touch of color and sweet but unaffected sentiment. An effective water-color of "A Moslem Mother and Child" is by Mr. Eric Pape.

There are many specimens of Mr. C. D. Gibson's large and

There are many specimens of Mr. C. D. Gibson's large and showy pen-drawings, in which the figures usually appear as though the artist must have been looking down upon them from a considerable altitude while making his drawing; and Mr. W. T. Smedley has, among other good examples of his work, a fine lamplight effect on face and figure of a young woman arranging a bunch of ox-eye daisies. Two beautiful drawings of roses are by Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson; and excellent work is shown by Messrs. Irving R. Wiles, T. de Thulstrup, Henry Sandham, W. A. Rogers and E. W. Kemble. A word of praise must be said for the hanging of the pictures and the decorations of the room, which convert it into a bower of smilax and roses, lit by innumerable little electric globes interspersed among the leaves and flowers. The exhibition should aid in informing the public as to the true position of modern illustration, which is still too often looked down upon as an inferior form of art. Such a thoroughly delightful bit of genre as Mr. Lynch's painting is seldom seen at any of our larger exhibitions, at which better work than that of Mrs. Stephens, Mr. Frost and others represented here is not to be looked for. The exhibition closes to-day.

#### Art Notes

THE Board of Estimate and Apportionment has authorized the issue of bonds for \$1,000,000 for the erection of the additions to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The plans for these additions were drawn by the late Richard M. Hunt. When completed the Museum will occupy 806,000 square feet. Constant additions are made to the collections in the Museum for which no room can be found, so that the new building has become an absolute and urgent necessity. Mr. Hunt's plans, moreover, as carried out by his son and successor, will give to the city another building of great architectural beauty. The bill authorizing the expenditure provides that the building must be completed in five years.

—On Jan. 24, Prof. Fenollosa will deliver a lecture at the Fine Arts Galleries, 215 West 57th Street, in which he will make a complete comparison of Oriental and European Art, illustrated with two lanterns, showing Oriental and European sculpture, landscape and general paintings side by side

landscape and genre paintings side by side.

—The chancel of the new church of St. Michael's, at Amsterdam Avenue and 99th Street, has just received its decorations of stained-glass windows and glass mosaic reredos, which, as specimens of American decorative art, are worth going out of one's way to see. The seven tall windows, disposed in a semi-circle, are filled with the one subject, the Archangel Michael surrounded by the hosts of Heaven. The composition includes a very large number of figures, all of about the size of life, and the background may be said to be a mosaic of wings, heads and halos. The reredos is decorated with a conventional vine scroll, framing four circular medallions filled with the emblems of the Evangelists in glass mosaic. The work was designed and executed by the Tiffany Glass and Decorating Co.

#### **Educational Notes**

THE report for 1895 of Dean Emily James Smith of Barnard College shows that the institution enrolled during the year just past seventy-two undergraduates, with an entering class of twenty-six. The total number of students was 123, of whom seventy-three were undergraduates, nineteen graduates, and thirty-one special students. The lack of a course in American History was made good by the New York branch of the Daughters of the American Revolution, which presented to the College a course of six lectures by Prof. Jameson of Brown University. The Alumnæ have formed an association, which promises to be of great practical help to the College, and the freshmen have begun wearing caps and gowns. Three instructors, who have been on the Barnard staff from the first, leave with the new year: Dr. M. L. Earle goes to Bryn Mawr; Dr. C. S. Baldwin to Yale; and Prof. T. S. Fiske will be entirely occupied by his duties at Columbia. The report of the Treasurer, Mr. George A. Plimpton, shows the receipt of \$11,981.66 in subscriptions and donations, and of \$58,600 for the purchase of land. The expenditures for the year were \$98,443; the balance on hand amounts to \$439.26. Those wishing to help the College may find forms for devises of lands or bequests of money at the end of the report.

The second course of Columbia College lectures in cooperation with the Cooper Union will be given in the great hall of the College on Jan. 14, 21 and 28, by Prof. Charles Sprague Smith. The subject will be "The Lakes of Switzerland." Prof. Lloyd Morgan of Bristol College, England, is lecturing at Columbia and Princeton on "Animal Intelligence." He will deliver a series of lectures at Lowell Institute.

The seventh lecture of the Brooklyn Ethical Association's course on "Evolutionary Principles Applied to Education" was delivered by Miss Caroline B. LeRow on Jan. 12, her subject being "Educational Ideals of the Present Day."

A joint meeting of the New York Library Club and the New York Library Association was held in this city on Jan. 10. The topics discussed were for the most part somewhat technical, but much time was devoted to a discussion of the proper means of arousing more interest in the establishment of settlement, home and parish libraries, and to the best means of bringing books more generally within the reach of the poorer classes. It was also resolved to establish a class in philanthropy for the study of the question of charity administration. The proposed amendment to the constitution, authorizing the change of the name of the Association to the Library Association of the State of New York" was voted down. The tenth anniversary of the formation of the Library Club was celebrated in the evening, with a dinner at Clark's restaurant, in West Twenty-third Street. About 120 guests were present.

"Founder's Day," the anniversary of the birth of Ezra Cornell, was celebrated at Cornell University on Jan. 11. President Schurman, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who is a Trustee of the University, and Mr. H. W. Sage, also a Trustee, were the speakers.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have just published, in their International Scientific Series, Prof. E. J. Marey's "Movement," translated by Eric Pritchard.

President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard has addressed a letter to Bishop Doane, in which he severely criticises the call issued for the twenty-eighth annual convention of the National American Association of Woman Suffragists, to be held in Washington, Jan. 23–28. The call is signed by Susan B. Anthony, President, and Rachel Foster Avery, Recording Secretary. In his letter President Eliot says:—"The quotation in the call \* \* introduced by the clause, 'as the President of Harvard University says,' is from an article by me in The Forum of Oct. 1894, entitled 'Some Reasons why the American Republic May Endure.' The last paragraph in the quotation is separated in the article by ten pages from the preceding paragraphs of the quotation. In the last quoted paragraph 'the bulwarks' should be 'these bulwarks.' These bulwarks' had just been enumerated in the last paragraph of my article, and the suffrage, whether for man, for women, or for both, was not mentioned among these bulwarks. The list is long and specific, and does not contain the suffrage. The manner in which the quotation is printed in the call, the alteration of 'these' to 'the' and the misrepresentation of my real opinion make the extracts in the call a perfect example of misleading and unjust quotation," Bishop Doane, as is well known, is strongly opposed to woman suffrage.

#### Notes

THE MESSRS. SCRIBNER are making a new departure in the subscription-book business. They are not only publishing books that have a permanent literary value, but are publishing them in as dainty and beautiful a form as one usually looks for only in books that are brought out in limited editions. We have before this had occasion to speak of the delightful Thistle Edition of Stevenson's complete works, the sixteenth and last volume of which has just been issued to subscribers. It would be difficult to find a finer piece of book-making. We prefer it to the limited Edinburgh Edition, handsome as that is, and we marvel at its cheapness. The present volume is devoted to Stevenson's poems, and contains "A Child's Garden of Verses," "Underwoods" and "Ballads." It contains, in addition, as the third volume of "Underwoods," more than forty additional pieces of verse, written since the publication of the separate volumes. We are not surprised that Mrs. Stevenson should write to the Messrs. Scribner in terms of high praise of this book. "I wish," she writes, "to convey my appreciation of the artistic merits and exquisite workmanship of the Thistle Edition of Mr. Stevenson's works. I wonder if you know that my husband always wore, pinned to his breast, a small silver thistle, the badge of a Scots society, to which he belonged in Honolulu? Certainly, the title of the edition is a very happy one." We only regret that Mr. Stevenson himself did not have the pleasure of seeing this beautiful edition of his works.

—The same publishers are making still another set of books for their subscription-department, which is likely to prove even more popular than the Stevenson, and, judging from the sample page we have seen, quite as handsome. We almost like it better, for it is of the size of the books that made the name of Pickering famous, smaller than the Thistle; in fact, the ideal size. This set of ten volumes will be a complete, uniform edition of the late Eugene Field's prose and verse, and will contain four new volumes—"The Love-Affairs of a Bibliomaniac," "The House," "A Second Book of Profitable Tales" and a collection of poems now brought together for the first time. Each book will contain a special introduction written by some one of Mr. Field's literary friends. The volumes will be printed by Mr. De Vinne, from new plates, on deckle-edged paper with Mr. Field's initials watermarked on every page. Each volume will have a frontispiece in photogravure on Japan-paper, As though this edition would not be handsome enough, there will be another edition on Japan-paper, limited to 100 sets.

—Eugene Field died on Nov. 4. On Nov. 2 he had written the nineteenth instalment of "The Love-Affairs of a Bibliomaniac," which the Messrs. Scribner will publish through the regular trade channels next week. "The next day," writes his brother in an introduction to the book, "though feeling indisposed, he was at times up and about, always cheerful and full of that sweetness and sunshine which, in his last years, seem now to have been the preparation for the life beyond. He spoke of the chapter he had written the day before, and it-was then that he outlined his plan of completing the work. One chapter only remained to be written, and it was to chronicle the death of the old bibliomaniac, but not until he had unexpectedly failen heir to a very rare and almost priceless copy of Horace, which acquisition marked the pinnacle of the book-hunter's conquest. True to his love for the Sabine singer, the western poet characterized the immortal odes of twenty centuries gone the greatest happiness of bibliomania." It is stated with authority that the book is largely autobiographic, many of the passages being pages out of the author's personal experiences. The narrative is in the form of an autobiography, supposedly by one whose adventures and observations during a lifetime devoted to the pursuit of rare books are set forth with a delightful play of fancy and a flow of genial humor very characteristic of the author.

—We learn from the London edition of *The Bookman* that Miss Beatrice Harraden's new novel is called "Hilda Stafford," and that the first instalment will appear in *Blackwood's Magasine* early this year. The scene is laid in California, "and the story is understood to be the best thing Miss Harraden has done as yet." *Blackwood's* announces, also for 1896, Mr. R. D. Blackmore's new novel, "Dariel: A Romance of Surrey."

—"The Evolution of Woman" is the title of a book that Mr. Harry McVickar has made for the Messrs. Harper. It is largely illustration, but there is some text, and both illustration and text are said to be very funny.

—Messrs. Harper & Bros. have in press Mr. Richard Harding Davis's "Three Gringos in Venezuela and Central America," the timeliness of which is patent: "The Critical Handbook of the Greek New Testament," by President Edward C. Mitchell of the Leland University, New Orleans; "Doctor Warrick's Daughters," a novel by Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis; and "A Few Memoirs," by Mrs. Mary Anderson Navarro, which will be illustrated by photographs. None of these books will be published before February.

—More copies of "Trilby" were sold in 1895 than in 1894, the year of its publication. "The Martian" will not begin in Harper's until late in the year. Mr. du Maurier has not delivered the manuscript as yet.

—Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. have taken two floors at No. 93 Fifth Avenue, and will soon remove there, having outgrown their old quarters at 15 East Sixteenth Street.

—Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. have nearly ready in their Library of Economics and Politics, "State Railroad Control, with a History of its Development in Iowa," by Dr. Frank H. Dixon, with an introduction by Prof. Henry C. Adams; and "Southern Side Lights," a picture of social and economic life in the South during a generation before the war, by Edward Ingle. The same publishers announce "Shakespeare's Heroes on the Stage," by C. E. L. Wingate, a companion-volume to the author's successful "Shakespeare's Heroines on the Stage."

—Sir Lewis Morris, who has always been supposed to be unmarried, has recently announced that he has been married for thirty years. He has two daughters and a son. The latter was recently married and resides near his father's home in Carmarthen. The fact that the author of "An Epic of Hades" is a married man did not leak out till the vexed question of the succession to the Laureateship was settled. It was doubtless the son's marriage that led to the surprising disclosure.

-Stepniak's real name is said to have been Kravchinsky.

—Of the famous literary folk of the older generation that had not yet passed away when The Critic came into being, fifteen years ago this week, Mrs. Stowe is the sole survivor; for Dr. Hale belongs to a younger generation, and the reputation of the venerable Dr. Furness (the Shakespearian's father) is not a purely literary one. Mrs. Stowe's mental vigor is gone, but her physical condition is still good in her eighty-fifth year.

—Messrs. Ward & Downey of London announce a book that should have a large sale in this country, settle many doubtful questions and throw much light on some dark places in our social

history. It is a photographic facsimile of the original manuscript in Fulham Palace library of the "History of the Plimouth Plantation," by William Bradford, one of the founders and second Governor of that colony. And now we come to the fact that gives this book its great value: it will contain an account of the voyage of the Pilgrim Fathers in the Mayflower, and the names of those who sailed in that ship and "were (by the blessing of God) the first beginners and (in a sort) the foundation of all the plantations and colonies in New England." Now we shall know who were and who were not the real passengers in the Mayflower. If all the people who claim to be descended from that passenger-list purchase the book, it will have a sale that will put "Trilby" out of the running. Unfortunately the edition will be limited, though the publishers do not say to what number. The price per copy will be about \$20.

—Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston is to give a course of five lectures on the English poets in New Orleans, before the Catholic Winter School. Dr. Horace Howard Furness is giving a course of free readings on Shakespeare in Philadelphia.

—Three unpublished letters by James Russell Lowell will be printed in the February Century. They describe the habits and the songs of the birds at Elmwood, Lowell's Cambridge home. In the same number Mr. Henry M. Stanley, in an article on the "Development of Africa," recalls the fact that troubles with the Boers in southern Africa first induced David Livingstone to travel to the north, and so led the way to the opening of Equatorial Africa.

—The remaing manuscripts of Charlotte Bronte in the possession of her husband and others have now been purchased for publication. "They are far more numerous and important than had been imagined," says Dr. Nicoll, and he ought to know, "and will make a substantial and valuable addition to the body of her work, alike in prose and poetry, a very large number of hitherto unknown letters having also been recovered. A biographical volume will be published entirely made up of fresh matter, and repeating nothing that has already appeared in Mrs. Gaskell's biography."

—The committee of the Society of Authors appointed to examine the circumstances in which was issued the address of British literary men to their confrères in America anent the Venezuelan difficulty, reports that the signers of the address are alone answerable. The use of the Society's paper, on which the address was issued, was unauthorized. The committee avows the friendly feelings of the Society for America, but expresses the opinion that



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—Mr. J. B. Luyster of Nassau Street, one of the best-known old New York booksellers, has sold out to Messrs. D. G. Francis & Co. His business was founded in 1840, by T. W. Reeve, and had from the first an excellent reputation in its own particular line.

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cuck, Francis T. A Man of Two Minds.
gs.
haffee, Heles. Leisure Lines.
ifford, Mrs. W. K. The Last Touches
laretie, J. La Frontière. Ed. and Tr. by C. A. Eggert.
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English in American Universities. Ed. by W. M. Payne. \$1.
Ferruggis, Gemma. Caterina Soave.
Foulke, E. Twilight Stories.
Frobel, Friedrich. Mother Play: Songe and Music.

Hazell's Annual for 1895. Ed. by W. Palmer. \$1.50.
Hamilton, M. A Self-Denying Ordinance.
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Hermann. W. The Communion of the Christian wit
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